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GIRLHOOD'S DREAMS.

BY ADELAIDE.

How happy are our girlhood's dreams!
They seem so bright and gay,
Till "stern reality" steps in,
And then they fade away.

Yet Memory, ever fond and true,
To trace the page is fain,
Which speaks to us of happy days
No'er to return again.

Years roll on—our dreams are past,
And friends are loved no more
That whisper'd gentle words to us
In those calm days of yore.

And still dear Memory calls to mind
Those sunny days of youth,
When the world seem'd bright and beautiful,
And all was love and truth.

A Darkened Life.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FROM GLOOM TO SUNLIGHT," "DORA THORNE," "AT WAR WITH HERSELF," "LOVE FOR A DAY," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER I.

"She is coming—my own, my sweet!
Were it ever so airy a tread,
My heart would hear her and beat
Had it lain for a century dead."

A RICH musical voice trolled out the words, not once, but many times over—carelessly at first, and then the full sense of them seemed to strike the singer.

"'Had it lain for a century dead,'" he repeated, slowly. "Ah me! the difference between poetry and fact—when I have lain for a century dead, the light footfalls of a fair woman will not awaken me. 'Beyond the sun' woman's beauty and woman's love are of small account; yet here—ah, when will she come!"

The singer, who was growing impatient was an exceedingly handsome young man—of not more than twenty—with a face that challenged all criticism—bright, careless, defiant, full of humor, yet with a gleam of poetry—a face that girls and women judge instantly, and always like. He did not look capable of wrong, this young lover, who sang his love-song so cheerily; neither did he look capable of wicked thoughts.

"'You really must come, for I said, I would show the bright flowers their queen.' That is the way to talk to women," he soliloquized, as the words of the song dropped from his lips. "They cannot resist a little flattery judiciously mixed with poetry; I hope I have made no mistake. Cynthy certainly said by the brook in the wood. Here is the brook—but where is my love?"

He grew tired of walking and singing—the evening was warm—and he sat down on the bank where the wild thyme and heather grew, to wait for the young girl who had promised to meet him when the heat of the day had passed.

He had been singing sweet love-songs; the richest poetry man's hand ever penned or heart imagined had been falling in wild snatches from his lips. Did this great poem of nature touch him—the grand song that echoes through all creation, which began in the faint, gray chaos, when the sea was bounded and the dry land made, and which will go on until it ends in the full harmony of heaven?

Before him was a glorious panorama of rippling foliage and odorous flowers. As far as the eye could reach there were huge forest glades, where the tall trees, meeting overhead, almost hid the blue sky from nature's grand cathedral aisles, where the light was of golden green, the branches interlaced waving in the wind—some pointing towards the heavens, others bending so as to touch the thick soft grass. Every variety of fern seemed to nourish there—from the most delicate maidenhair to the tall strong fronds that grow by the road-side—great sheets of blue hyacinths looked, as they stirred in the wind, like the restless heaving of the blue sea, scarlet creepers trailed from bough to bough, bees hummed drowsily above the wild thyme and heather, butterflies made love to the bluebells, and the little brook sang on gaily, as though the sunshine, the fragrance, and the flowers were to last for ever. Did that most true and beautiful poetry of all touch the young lover as he bent over the sweet singing waters, waiting for his love?

He looked very handsome and young and eager; his hair was tinged with gold, and his mouth was frank and red; yet he was not quite trustworthy. There was no great depth in his heart or soul, no great chivalry, no grand treasure of manly truth, no touch of heroism.

He took his watch from his pocket and looked at it.

"Ten minutes past seven—and she promised to be here at six. I shall not wait much longer."

He spoke the words aloud, and a breath of wind seemed to move the trees to respond; it was as though they said, "He is no true knight to say that."

A hush fell over them, the bees rested on the thyme, the butterflies nestled close to the bluebells, the little brook ran on as though it were wild with joy. Presently a footstep was heard, and then the long-expected one appeared.

With something between a sigh and a smile she held out one little white hand to him.

"I hardly thought you would wait for me, Claude. You are very patient."

"I would wait twice seven years for only one look at your face," he rejoined.

"Would you?" interrogated the girl, wearily. "I would not wait so long even for a fairy prince."

She sat down on the heather-covered bank, and took off her hat. She fanned herself with it for a few minutes, and then flung it carelessly amongst the flowers.

"You do not seem very enraptured at seeing me, Hyacinth," said the young lover, reproachfully.

The girl sighed wearily.

"I do not believe I could go into a rapture over anything in the world," she broke out. "I am so tired of my life—so tired of it, Claude, that I do not believe I could get up an interest in a single thing."

"I hope you feel some little interest in me," he said.

"I—I—I cannot tell. I think even bitterest pain would be better than the dead monotony that is killing me."

She remembered those words in after years, and repented of them when repentance was in vain.

"Surely you might smile now," said Claude. "I hope you do not find sitting by my side on this lovely evening monotonous."

She laughed, but the laugh had no music in it.

"No, I cannot say that I do; but you are going away soon, you tell me, and then the only gleam of sunshine in my life will fade, and all will be darkness again."

"What has depressed you so much?" he asked. "You are not yourself to-day."

"Shall I tell you what my day has been like?" she said. "Shall I describe it from the hour when the first sunbeams woke me this morning until now?"

He took both the small white hands in his.

"Yes, tell me; but be merciful, and let me hear that the thought of meeting me has cheered you."

"It has been the only gleam of brightness," she said, so frankly that the very frankness of the words seemed not to displease him. "It was just six when I woke. I could hear the birds singing, and I knew how cool and fresh and dewy everything was. I dressed myself very quickly and went downstairs. The great house was all darkness and silence. I had forgotten that Lady Vaughan does not allow the front or back doors to be opened until after breakfast. I thought the birds were calling me, and the branches of the trees seemed to beckon me; but I was obliged to go back to my own room, and sit there until the gong sounded for breakfast."

"Poor child!" he said, caressingly.

"Nay, do not pity me. Listen. The breakfast-room is dark and gloomy; Lady Vaughan always has the windows closed to keep out the air, and the blinds drawn to keep out the sun. Flowers give her the headache, and the birds make too much noise. So, with every beautiful sound and sight most carefully excluded, we sit down to breakfast, when the conversation never varies."

"Of what does it consist?" asked the young lover, beginning to pity the young girl, though amused by her recital.

"Sir Arthur tells us first of what he dreamed and how he slept. Lady Vaughan follows suit. After that, for one hour by the clock, I must read aloud from Mrs. Hannah More, from a book of meditations for each day of the year, and from Blair's sermons—nothing more lively than that. Then the books are put away, with solemn reflections from Lady Vaughan, and for the next hour we are busy with needlework. We sit in that dull breakfast-room, Claude, without speaking, until I am ready to cry aloud—I grow so tired of the dull monotony. When we have worked for an hour, I write letters—Lady Vaughan dictates them. Then comes luncheon. We change from the dull breakfast-room to the still more dull dining-room, from which sunshine and fragrance are also carefully excluded. After that comes the greatest trial of all. A closed carriage comes to the door, and for two long wearisome hours I drive with Sir Arthur and Lady Vaughan. The blinds are drawn at the carriage windows, and the horses creep at a snail's pace. Then we return home. I go to the piano until dinner-time. After dinner Lady Vaughan goes to sleep, and I play at chess or backgammon, or something equally stupid, until half-past nine; and then the bell rings for prayers, and the day is done."

"It is not a very exhilarating life, certainly," said Claude Lennox.

"Exhilarating! I tell you, Claude, that sometimes I am frightened at myself—frightened that I shall do something very desperate. I am only just eighteen, and my heart is craving for what every one else has; yet it is denied me. I am eighteen, and I love life—oh, so dearly! I should like to be in the very midst of gaiety and pleasure. I should like to dance and sing—to laugh and talk. Yet no one seems to remember that I am young. I never see a young face—I never hear a pleasant voice. If I sing, Lady Vaughan raises her hands to her head, and implores me 'not to make a noise.' Yet I love singing just as the birds do."

"I see only one remedy for such a state of things, Hyacinth," said the young lover, and his eyes brightened as he looked on her beautiful face.

"I am just eighteen," continued the girl, "and I assure you that, looking back on my life, I do not remember one happy day in it."

"Perhaps the happiness is all to come," said he, quietly.

"I do not know. This is Tuesday; on Thursday we start for Bergheim—a quiet and sleepy little town in Germany—and there we are to meet my fate."

"What is your fate?" he asked.

"You remember the story I told you—Lady Vaughan says I am to marry Adrian Darcy. I suppose he is a model of perfection—as quiet, as dull, and as stupid as perfection always is."

"Lady Vaughan cannot force you to marry any one," he cried, eagerly.

"No, there will be no forcing in the strict sense of the word—they will only preach to me, and talk at me, until I shall be driven mad, and I shall marry him, or do anything else in sheer desperation."

"Who is he, Hyacinth?" asked her young lover.

"His mother was a cousin of Lady Vaughan's. He is rich, clever, and, I should certainly say, as quiet and uninteresting as nearly all the rest of the world. If it were not so, he would not have been reserved for me."

"I do not quite understand," said Claude Lennox. "How is it? Was there a contract between your parents?"

"No," she replied, with a slight tone of scorn in her voice—"there is never anything of that kind, except in novels. I am Lady Vaughan's granddaughter, and she has a large fortune to leave; this Adrian Darcy is also her relative, and she says the best thing to be done is for us to marry each other, and then her fortune can come to me."

"Is that all?" he inquired, with a look of great relief. "You need not marry him unless you choose. Have you seen him?"

"No; nor do I wish to see him. Any one whom Lady Vaughan likes cannot possibly suit me. Oh, Claude, how I dread it all!—even the journey to Germany."

"I should have fancied that, longing as you do for change and excitement, the journey would have pleased you," observed Claude.

She looked at him with a half-wistful expression on her beautiful face.

"I must be very wicked," she said; "indeed I know that I am. I should be looking forward to it with rapture, if any one young or amusing were going with me; but to sit in closed carriages with Sir Arthur and Lady Vaughan—to travel, yet see nothing—is dreadful!"

"But you are attached to them," he said—"you are fond of them, are you not, Hyacinth?"

"Yes," she replied, piteously; "I should love them very much if they did not make me so miserable. They are over sixty, and I am just eighteen—they have forgotten what it is to be young, and force me to live as they do. I am very unhappy."

She bent her beautiful face over the flowers, and he saw her eyes fill with tears.

"It is a hard lot," he said; "but there is one remedy, and only one. Do you love me, Hyacinth?"

She looked at him with something of childish perplexity in her face.

"I do not know," she replied.

"Yes, you do know, Hyacinth; you know if you love me well enough to marry me."

No blush rose to her face, her eyes did not droop as they met his, the look of perplexity deepened in them.

"I cannot tell," she returned. "In the first place, I am not sure that I know really what love means. Lady Vaughan will not allow such a word in her pre-

ence; I have no young-girl friends to come to me with their secrets; I am not allowed to read stories or poetry—how can I tell you whether I love you or not?"

"Surely your own heart has a voice, and you know what it says."

"Has it?" she rejoined, indifferently. "If it has a voice, that voice has not yet spoken."

"Do not say so, Hyacinth; you know how dearly I love you. I am lingering here when I ought to be far away, hoping almost against hope to win you. Do not tell me that all my love, my devotion, my pleading, my prayers, have been in vain."

The look of childlike perplexity did not leave her face; the gravity of her beautiful eyes deepened.

"I have no wish to be cruel," she said; "I only desire to say what is true."

"Then just listen to your own heart, and you will soon know whether you love me or not. Are you pleased to see me? Do you look forward to meeting me? Do you think of me when I am not with you?"

"Yes," she replied, calmly; "I look with eagerness to the time when I know you are coming; I think of you very often all day, and I—I dream of you all night. In my mind every word that you have ever said to me remains."

"Then you love me," he cried, clasping her little white hands in his, his handsome face growing brighter and more eager—"you love me, my darling, and you must be my wife!"

She did not shrink from him; the words had little meaning for her. He must have been blind indeed not to see that the girl's heart was void and innocent of all love as the heart of a dreaming child.

"You must be my wife," he repeated. "I love you better than any one else in the world."

She did not look particularly happy or delighted.

"You shall go away from this dull gloomy spot," he said; "I will take you to some sunny far-off city where the hours have golden wings and fly like minutes—where every breath of the wind is a fragrant sigh—where the air is filled with music, and the speech of the people is song. You shall see the grandest pictures, the finest statues, the noblest edifices in the world. You shall not know night from day, nor summer from winter, because all time shall be so happy for you."

The indifference and weariness fell from her face as a mask falls. She clasped her hands in triumph, her eyes brightened, her beautiful face flushed with joy.

"Oh, Claude, that will be delightful! When shall it be?"

"So soon as you are my wife, sweet. Do you not long to come? You shall be dressed like a lovely young queen, in flowers and jewels, and you shall go to balls that will make you think of fairyland. You shall go to the Opera and hear the world's greatest singers; you shall never complain of dulness or weariness again."

The expression of happiness that came over her face was wonderful to see.

"I cannot realize it," she said, with a deep sigh of relief and content. "The sky looks fairer already. I can imagine how bright this world is to those who are happy. You do not know how I have longed for some share of its happiness, Claude. All my heart used to cry out for warmth and love, for youth and life. In that dull gloomy house I have pined away. See, I am as thirsty to enjoy life as the deer on a hot day is to enjoy a running stream. It would be cruel to catch that little bird swinging on the boughs and singing so sweetly—it would be cruel to catch that bright bird, to put it in a narrow cage, and to place the cage in a dark dull room, where never a gleam of sunshine could cheer it—but it is a thousand times more cruel to shut me up in that gloomy house like a prison, with people who are too old to understand what youth is like."

"It is cruel," he assented; and then a silence fell over them, broken only by the whispering of the wind.

"Do you know," she went on, after a time, "I have been so unhappy that I have wished I were like Undine and had no soul."

Yet, even as she uttered the words, from the books she disliked and found so dreary there came to her floating memories of grand sentences telling of "hearts held in patience," "of endurance that maketh life divine," of aspirations that do not begin and end in earthly happiness. She drove such memories from her.

"Lady Vaughan says 'life is made for duty.' Is that all, Claude? One could do one's duty without the light of the sunshine and the fragrance of flowers. Why need the birds sing so sweetly and the blossoms wear a thousand different colors? If life is meant for nothing but plain, dull duty, we do not need starlit nights and dewy evenings, the calm of green woods and the music of the waves. It seems to me that life is meant as much for beauty as for duty."

Claude looked eagerly into the lovely face.

"You are right," he said, "and yet wrong. Cynthy, life was made for love—nothing else. You are young and beautiful; you ought to enjoy life—and you shall, if you will promise to be my wife."

"I do promise," she returned. "I am tired to death of that gloomy house and those gloomy people. I am weary of quiet and dull monotony."

His face darkened.

"You must not marry me to escape these evils, Hyacinth, but because you love me."

"Of course. Well, I have told you all my perplexities, Claude and you have decided that I love you."

He smiled at the childlike simplicity of the words.

"Now, Hyacinth, listen to me. You must be my wife because I love you so dearly that I cannot live without you, and because you have promised. Listen, and I will tell you how it must be."

Hyacinth Vaughan looked up in her lover's face; there was nothing but the simple wonder of a child in hers—nothing but awakened interest—there was not even the faintest shadow of love.

"You say that Lady Vaughan intends starting for Bergheim on Thursday, and that Adrian Darcy is to meet you there; consequently, after Thursday, you have not the least chance of escape. I should imagine the future that lies before you to be more terrible even than the past. Holy upon it, Adrian Darcy will come to live at the Chase if he marries you; and then you will only sleep through life. You will never know its possibilities, its grand realities."

An expression of terror came over face.

"Claude," she cried, "I would rather die than live as I have been living!"

"So would I, in your place. Cynthy, your life is in your own hands. If you choose to be foolish and frightened, you will say good-bye to me, go to Bergheim, marry Darcy, and drag out the rest of a weary life at the Chase, seeing nothing of brightness, nothing of beauty, and growing in time as stiff and formal as Lady Vaughan is now."

The girl shuddered; the warm young life in her rebelled; the longing for love and pleasure, for life and brightness, was suddenly chilled.

"Now here is another picture for you," resumed Claude. "Do what I wish, and you shall never have another hour's dullness or weariness while you live. Your life shall be all love, warmth, fragrance, and song."

"Why do you wish?" she asked, her lovely young face growing brighter at each word.

"I want you to meet me to-morrow night at Oakton station; we will take the train for London, and on Thursday, instead of your going to Bergheim, we will be married, and then you shall lead an enchanted life."

An expression of doubt appeared on her face; but she was very young and easy to persuade.

"It will be the grandest sensation in all the world," he said. "Imagine an elopement from the Chase—where the goddess of dullness has reigned for years—an elopement, Cynthy, followed by a marriage, a grand reconciliation tableau, and happiness that will last for life afterwards."

She repeated the words half doubtfully.

"An elopement, Claude—would not that be very wrong—wicked almost?

"Not at all. Lady Helmsdale eloped with her husband, and they are the happiest people in the world; elopements are not so uncommon—they are full of romance, Cynthia."

"But are they right?" she asked, half timidly.

"Well, in some cases an elopement is not right perhaps; in ours it is. Do you think that, hoping as I do to make you my wife, I would ask you to do anything which would afterwards be injurious to you? Though you are so young, Cynthia, you must know better than that. To elope is right enough in our case. You are like a captive princess; I am the knight come to deliver you from the dreariest of prisons—come to open for you the gates of an enchanted land. It will be just like a romance, Cynthy; only, instead of reading, we shall act it." And then, in his rich cheery voice, he sang—

"But neither bolts nor bars shall keep
My own true love from me."

"I do not see how I can manage it," said Hyacinth, as the notes of her lover's voice died over the flowers. "Lady Vaughan always has the house locked and the keys taken to her at nine."

"It will be very easy," returned Claude. "I know the library at the Chase has long windows that open on to the ground. You can leave one of them unfastened, and close the shutters yourself."

"But I have never been out at night alone," she said, hesitatingly.

"You will not be alone long, if you will only have courage to leave the house. I will meet you at the end of the grounds, and we will walk to the station together. We shall catch a train leaving Oakton soon after midnight, and shall reach London about six in the morning. I have an old aunt living there who will do anything for us. We will drive at once to her house; and then I will get a special license, and we will be married before noon."

"How well you have arranged everything!" she said. "You must have been thinking of this for a long time past."

"I have thought of nothing else, Cynthy. Then, when we are married, we will write at once to Lady Vaughan, telling her of our union; and, instead of starting for that dreary Bergheim, we will go to sunny France, or fair and fruitful Italy, where the world will be at your feet, my darling. You are so beautiful, you will win all hearts."

"Am I so beautiful?" she asked, simply. "Lady Vaughan says good looks are sinful."

"Lady Vaughan is——" The young man paused in time, for those clear innocent eyes seemed to be penetrating to the very depths of his heart. "Lady Vaughan has forgotten that she was ever young and pretty herself," he said. "Now, Cynthy, tell me—will you do what I wish?"

"Is it not a very serious thing to do?" she asked. "Would not people think ill of me."

His conscience reproached him a little when he answered "No"—the lovely trusting face was so like the face of a child.

"I do not expect you to say 'Yes,' at once, Hyacinth—think it over. There lies before you happiness with me, or misery without me."

"But, Claude," she inquired eagerly, "why need we elope? Why not ask Lady Vaughan if we can be married? She might say 'Yes.'"

"She would not; I know better than you. She would refuse, and you would be carried off on Thursday whether you liked it or not. If we are to be married at all we must elope—there is no help for it."

The young girl did not at once consent, although the novelty, the romance, the promised happiness, tempted her as a promised journey pleases a child.

"Think it over to-night," he said, "and let me know to-morrow."

"How can I let you know?" she asked. "I shall be in prison all day; it is not often that I have an hour like this. I shall not be able to see you."

"Perhaps not, but you can give me some signal. You have charge of the flowers in the great western window."

"Yes, I change them at my pleasure every day."

"Then, if, after thinking the matter over, you decide in my favor and choose a lifetime of happiness, put white roses—nothing but white roses—there; if, on the contrary, you are inclined to follow up a life of unendurable ennui, put crimson flowers there. I shall understand—the white roses will mean 'Yes, I will go;' the crimson flowers will mean 'No; good-bye, Claude.' You will not forget, Cynthy?"

"It is not likely that I shall forget," she replied.

"You need not have one fear for the future; you will be happy as a queen. I shall love you so dearly; we enjoy life as it is meant to be enjoyed. It was never intended for you to dream away your existence in one long sleep. Your beautiful face was meant to brighten and gladden men's hearts; your sweet voice to rule them. You are buried alive here."

Then the great selfish love that had conquered him rose in passionate words. How he caressed her! What tender, earnest words he whispered to her! What unalterable devotion he swore—what affection, what love! The girl grew grave and silent as she listened. She wondered why she felt so quiet—why none of the rapture that lit up his face and shone in his eyes came to her. She loved him—he said so; and surely he who had so much experience ought to know. Yet she had imagined love to be something very different from this. She wondered that it gave her so little pleasure.

"How the poets exaggerate it!" she said to herself, while he was pouring out love, passion, and tenderness in burning words. "How great they make it, and how little it is in reality."

She sighed deeply as she said these words to herself, and Claude mistook the sigh.

"You must not be anxious, Hyacinth. You are leaving a life of dull, gloomy monotony for one of happiness, such as you can hardly imagine. You will never repent it, I am sure. Now give me one smile; you look as distant and sad as Lady Vaughan herself. Smile, Cynthy!"

She raised her eyes to his face, and for long years afterwards that look remained with him. She tried to smile, but the beautiful lips quivered, and the clear eyes fell.

"I must go," she said, rising hurriedly. "Sir Arthur and Lady Vaughan are to be home by eight o'clock."

"You will say 'Yes,' Cynthy?" he said, clasping her hands in his own. "You will say 'Yes,' will you not?"

"I must think first," she replied; and as she turned away the rush of wind through the tall green trees sounded like a long deep-drawn sigh.

CHAPTER II.

SIR ARTHUR and Lady Vaughan lived at Queen's Chase, in Derbyshire, a beautiful and picturesque place, well known to artists, poets, and lovers of quaint old architecture. Queen's Chase had been originally built by good Queen Elizabeth of Yorke, and was perhaps one of the few indulgences which that not too happy queen allowed herself.

It was large, and the rooms were all lofty. The building was in the old Tudor style, and one of its peculiarities was that every part of it was laden with ornament; it seemed to have been the great ambition of the architect who designed it to introduce as much carving as possible about it. Heads of fauns and satyrs, fruit and flowers—every variety of carving was there; no matter where the spectator turned the sculptor's work was visible.

To Hyacinth Vaughan, dreamy and romantic, it seemed as though the Chase were peopled by these dull, silent, dark figures.

Elizabeth of York did not enjoy much pleasure in the beautiful secluded retreat she had built for herself. It was there she first heard of and rejoiced in the betrothal of her fair young daughter Marguerite to James IV. of Scotland. A few years afterwards she died, and the Chase was sold. Sir Dunstan purchased it, and it had remained in the family ever since. It was now their principal residence—the Vaughans of Queen's Chase never quitted it.

Though it was beautiful and picturesque it was not the most cheerful place in the world. The rooms were dark by reason of the huge carvings of the window frames and the shade of the trees, which had grown perhaps too near the house. The edifice contained no light, cheerful, sunny rooms, no wide large windows; the taste of the days in which it was built led more towards magnificence than cheerfulness.

Some additions had been made: the western wing of the building had been enlarged; but the principal apartments remained unaltered—the stately, gloomy rooms in which the fair young princess had received and read the royal love-letters were almost untouched. The tall spreading trees grew almost to the hall door; they made the whole house dark and perhaps unhealthy. But no Vaughan ventured to cut them down—such an action would have seemed like sacrilege.

From father to son Queen's Chase had descended in regular succession. Sir Arthur, the present owner, succeeded when he was quite young. He was by no means of the genial order of men; he had always been cold, silent and reserved.

He married a lady more proud, more silent, more reserved than himself—a narrow-minded, narrow-hearted woman, whose life was bounded by rigid law and formal courtesies, who never knew a warm or generous impulse, who lived quite outside the beautiful fairyland of love and poetry.

Sir Arthur and Lady Vaughan had but one son, and, though each idolized him, they could not change their natures; warm, sweet impulses never came to them. The mother kissed her boy by rule—at stated times; everything was measured, dated and weighed.

The boy himself was, strange to say, of

a most hopeful, ardent, sanguine temperament, generous, high-spirited, slightly inclined to romance and sentiment. He loved and honored his father and mother, but the rigid formality of home was terrible to him; it was almost like death in life.

Partly to escape it, and partly because he really liked the life, he insisted on joining the Army—much against his mother's wishes.

"Why could he not be content at home, as his father has been before him?" she asked.

Captain Randall Vaughan enjoyed his brief military career. As a matter of course he fell in love, but far more sensibly than might have been imagined. He married the pretty, delicate Clare Brandon.

She was an orphan, not very rich—in fact had only a moderate fortune—but her birth atoned for all. She was a lineal descendant of the famous Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, whom the fair young ex-queen of France had married.

Lady Vaughan was delighted. A little more money might have been acceptable; but the Vaughans had plenty, and there was no young lady in England better born and better bred than Clare Brandon.

So the young Captain married her, and Sir Arthur made them a very handsome allowance. For one whole year they lived in perpetual sunshine, as happy as they could possibly be, and then came an outbreak in our Eastern possessions, and the Captain's regiment was ordered abroad.

It was like a death-blow to them. Despite all danger, Mrs. Vaughan would have gone with her husband, but for the state of her health, which absolutely forbade it. Her despair was almost terrible; it seemed as if she had a presentiment of the coming cloud.

If the war had not been a dangerous one the young Captain would most certainly have sold out; but to do so when every efficient soldier was required would have been to show the white feather, and that no Vaughan could do—the motto of the house was "Loyal even to death." He tried all possible means to console his wife, but she clung to him with passionate cries, saying she should never see him again.

It was impossible to leave her alone—and she had no near relative. Then Lady Vaughan came to the rescue. The heir of the Vaughans, she declared, must be born at Queen's Chase; therefore her son's wife had better remain with her. Randall Vaughan thankfully accepted his mother's offer, and took his wife to the old ancestral home. It was arranged that she should remain there until his return.

"You will try for my sake to be well and happy," he said to her, "so that when I come back you will be strong and able to travel with me, should I have to go abroad again."

But she clasped her tender arms round him, and hid her weeping face on his breast.

"I shall never see you again, my darling," she said—"never again!"

They called the unconsciousness that came over her merciful. She remembered nothing after those words. When she opened her eyes again, he was gone.

How the certainty of her doom seemed to grow upon her! How her sweet face grew paler, and the frail remnant of vitality grew less! He had been her life—the very sun and centre of her existence. How could she live without him? Lady Vaughan, in her kind formal way, tried to cheer her, and begged of her to make an effort for Randall's sake; and for Randall's sake the poor lady tried to live.

They were disappointed in one respect; it was not an heir that was born to the noble old race, but a lovely smiling baby-girl—so lovely that Lady Vaughan, who was seldom guilty of sentiment, declared it resembled nothing so much as a budding flower, and after a flower, she said, it must be named.

They suggested Rose, Violet, Lily—none of them pleased her; but, looking one day through the family records, she saw the name of Lady Hyacinth Vaughan. Hyacinth it must be. The poor fragile mother smiled a feeble assent, and the lovely babe received its name. Glowing accounts were sent to the young Captain.

"The Vaughans were always a handsome race," wrote his mother, "but your little Hyacinth promises to surpass all others."

But Randall never read the words; he never knew that he had a fair little daughter. When that letter reached the distant land where his regiment was doing hard service, Captain Vaughan was lying dead, shot through the heart in the first engagement, leaving the name of a hero behind him.

CHAPTER III.

THE news was not long in reaching England. When Lady Vaughan read it she knew it was Clare's death-warrant. They tried to break it to her very gently, but her keen, quick perception soon told her what was wrong.

"He is dead," she said; "I knew that I should never see him again."

Clare Vaughan's heart was broken; she hardly spoke after she heard the fatal words; she was very quiet, very patient, but the light on her face was not of this world.

She lay one day with little Hyacinth in her arms, and Lady Vaughan, going into the room, said—

"You look better to-day, Clare."

"I have been dreaming of Randall," she said, smiling; "I shall soon see him again."

An hour afterwards they went to take the little one from her—the tender arms had relaxed their hold, and she lay dead, with a smile on her face.

They buried her in Ashton churchyard. People called her illness by all kinds of different names, but Lady Vaughan knew she had died of a broken heart.

The care of little Hyacinth devolved upon her grandmother. It was a dreary home for a child; the rooms were always shaded by the trees, and the sombre carvings, the satyr heads, the laughing fauns, all in stone, frightened her. She never saw any young persons; Sir Arthur's servants were all old—they had entered his service in their youth, and had remained in it ever since.

Sir Arthur and Lady Vaughan had felt their son's death very keenly; all their hopes died with him, all their interest in life was gone. They became more dull, more formal, more cold every day. They loved the child, yet the sight of her was always painful to them, reminding them so forcibly of what they had lost. They reared her in the same precise formal manner in which their only son had been reared. She rose at a stated time, she retired at a certain hour, never varying by one minute; she studied, she read, she practised her music, she walked—all by rule.

The neighborhood round Queen's Chase was not a very populous one. Amongst the friends whom the Vaughans visited, and who visited them in return, there was not one young person, not one child. It never seemed to enter their minds that Hyacinth, being a child, longed for the society of children.

At certain times she was gravely told to play. She had a doll and a Noah's ark; and with these she amused herself alone for long hours. As for the graces, the fancies, the wants, the requirements of childhood, its thousand wordless dreams and wordless wants, no one understood anything at all about them. They treated the child as if she were a little old woman, crushing back with remorseless hand all the quick fancies and bright dreams natural to youth.

Some children would have grown up wicked, hardened, unlovely and unloving, under such tuition; but Hyacinth Vaughan was saved from this by her peculiar disposition. The child was all poetry. Lady Vaughan never wearied of trying to correct her. She carefully pruned, as she imagined, all the excess of imagination and romance.

She might as well have tried to prevent the roses from blooming, the dew from falling, or the leaves from springing. All that she succeeded in was in making the child keep her thoughts and fancies to herself. She talked to the trees as though they were grave, living friends, full of wise counsel; she talked to the flowers as though they were familiar and dear playfellows. The imagination so sternly repressed ran riot in a hundred different ways.

It was most unfortunate for the child. If she had been as other children—if her imagination, instead of being cruelly, sternly, coldly repressed, had been trained and put to some useful purpose—if her love of romance had been wisely guided—if her great love of poetry and beauty, her great power of ideality, had been watched and allowed for—the one great error that darkened her life would never have been committed.

But none of this was done. She was literally afraid to speak of that which filled her thoughts and was really part of her life. If she asked my uncommon question Lady Vaughan scolded her, and Sir Arthur, his hands shaking nervously, would say, "The child is going wrong—going wrong."

It was without exception the dullest and saddest life that any child could lead. At thirteen there came two breaks in the monotony—she had a music-master from Oakton, and she found a key that fitted the library door.

How often she had stood against the library windows, looking through them, and longing to open one of those precious volumes; but, when she asked Sir Arthur for a book, he told her she could not understand them—she must be content to play with her doll.

There were hundreds of suitable books that might have been provided for the child; she was refused any—consequently she read whatever came in her way. She found this key that fitted the library door, and used it.

She would quietly unlock it, and take one of the books nearest to her without fear of its being missed, for Sir Arthur seldom entered the room. In this fashion she read many books that were valuable, instructive, and amusing. She also read many that would have been much better left alone. Her innocence, however, saved her from harm. She knew so little of life that what would have perhaps injured another was not even noticed by her.

In this manner she educated herself, and the result was exactly what was to be expected. She had in her mind the most curious collection of poetry and romance, the most curious notions of right and wrong, the most unreal ideas it was possible to imagine. Then, as she grew older, life began to unroll itself before her eyes.

She saw that outside this dull world of Oakton there was another world so fair and bright that it dazzled her. There was a world full of music and song, where people danced and made merry, where they rode and drove and enjoyed themselves, where there was no dulness and no gloom—a world of which the very thought was so beautiful, so bewildering, that her pulse thrilled and her heart beat as she dreamed of it.

Would she ever find her way into that dazzling world, or would she be obliged to live here always, shut up with these old formal people amidst the quaint carvings and giant trees? And then, when she was seventeen, she began to dream of that other world women find so fair—the fair land of hope and love.

Her ideas of love were all taken from poetry; it was something very magnificent, very beautiful, taking one quite out of commonplace affairs. Would it ever come to her?

She thought life had begun and ended too, for her, when one day Lady Vaughan told her to come into her room—she wished to talk to her. The girl followed her with a weary, hopeless expression on her face.

"I am going to have a lecture," she thought; "I have said either a word too little or a word too much."

But, wonderful to say, Lady Vaughan was not prepared with a lecture. She sat down in her great easy-chair, and pointed to a footstool. Hyacinth took it, wondering very much what was coming.

"My dear Hyacinth," she began, "you are growing up now; you will be quite a woman soon; and it is time you knew what Sir Arthur and I have planned for you."

She did not feel much interest in learning what it was—something intolerably dull it was sure to be.

"You know," continued Lady Vaughan, "there has never been the least deception used towards you. You are the only child of our only son; but it has never been understood that you were to be heiress of the Chase."

"I should not like to have the Chase," said Hyacinth, timidly. "I should not know what to do with it."

Lady Vaughan waved her hand in very significant fashion.

"That is not the question. We have not brought you up as our heiress, because both Sir Arthur and I think that the head of our house must be a gentleman. Of course you will have a dowry. I have money of my own, which I intend to leave you. Mr. Adrian Darcy, of whom you have heard me speak, will succeed to Queen's Chase—that is, if no other arrangement takes him from us; should he have other views in life, the property will perhaps be left differently. I cannot say. Sir Arthur and I wish very much that you should marry Mr. Darcy."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

NANCY GARRISON, a colored woman living at Holly Springs, has very long hair. She wears her hair in their plaits. The side plaits just touch the floor, while the plait behind drags two feet nine inches on the floor and measures eight feet in length. Nancy is 60 years old.

Bric-a-Brac.

THE FOOT BATH.—It is customary throughout Spain for the waiters of cafes to fill a glass with wine or liquor so that it overflows upon the saucer. This custom in which it is desired to show an appearance of liberality, is called "the foot bath."

THE JAPANESE LANGUAGE.—The Japanese language is said to contain sixty thousand words, every one of which requires a different symbol. It is impossible for one man to learn the whole, and a well-educated Japanese is familiar with only about ten thousand words.

IN CHINA.—The keeping of poultry of some kind or other is almost universal in China. The poorest household has, wherever practicable, its pert cock and three or four lean hens, which stalk in and out of the mud shanty in search of anything eatable that no one else of the family may happen to be able to digest.

THE LINDEN.—Magic qualities are attached in Hungary as in Germany to the lime or linden tree. In some villages it is usual to plant one before a house to prevent witches from entering. From early times the lime tree was sacred to Venus among the Greeks, as it was to Lada among the Slavonians. This, it is said, was due to its leaves being of the shape of a heart.

ORIGIN OF THE SLANG TERM "TO CHAFF."—The following is suggested as the origin of the phrase to chaff a person. Apollo, we are told, received from a painstaking critic a volume filled with the errors of the great poets. By way of reward for such bootless labor, the god of poetry gave him a bushel of wheat to sort, bidding him to select the corn from the chaff. When this was done, Apollo presented the critic with the chaff, but retained the wheat; thus chaffing him, and making game of him."

JEWS.—The Jews of the Portuguese rite—the Sephardim—claim to have settled in Spain during the earliest antiquity. They reject with horror all kinds of relationship with "the murderers of Christ." They even claim that the Jews living in Toledo had at the time of the Crucifixion written to their brethren in Jerusalem to deter them from from committing so great a sin. Whether these claims be correct or not, it is an indisputable fact that there exists a great difference between the Portuguese or Sephardim Jews and the German or Ashkenazim Jews.

THE COCOANUT.—The cocoanut shell, after being dried and scraped, forms the Indian hookah, used by all classes for smoking tobacco. In Malaysia, the shell under the name of parut, is used for children's games. It is taken between the foot and sent as far backward as possible by the twist of the foot. The cocoanut shell also furnishes drinking goblets, which, carved exteriorly and mounted in silver, are a great ornament. Small articles, such as baskets, ladles, spoons and other such domestic articles are made of it. Beads for rosaries are also turned from the shell.

WEDDING-RINGS.—Very few women will care for the latest thing out in wedding rings. The plain gold band has for so long held its own, that it would take a long time for a fancy ring to become popular. A titled bride has, however, started the fashion of the marriage ring being inlaid with blue enamel, and so the tide has turned against the plain gold circlet. If all brides are to choose their own style of ring, it will in course of time be difficult to tell the marriage ring from a dress one, and the fashion for various reasons is hardly likely to "catch on"—neither is it desirable that it should.

600 YEARS A-BUILDING.—Cologne, a fine old city on the Rhine, can boast of possessing the grandest Gothic cathedral in the world. The building of it was begun in 1248, and as each portion of the church was finished it was utilized for the purposes of divine service. It was not till 1880, however, that the whole structure was complete in every part. The cathedral, as a perfected temple, was opened on the 15th of October in the latter year, in presence of the Emperor William I., grandfather of the present German Emperor. Thus this famous cathedral was more than six hundred years a-building.

"Hennz! What are you throwing stones at that old gentleman for?" asked the passer-by. "'Cause he looks like Sandy Claws, daggone him!" answered the little boy who had wanted a toy pistol and got a Sunday school story.

SONNET.

BY ST. GERMAIN

Not your unkindness, but your tender words
In hours long spent, come freshliest to mind;
The songs you sang came sweeter than the birds'
Into my memory, and your servant bind
Afresh unto your gentle service; though
You deign not own him now, nor call him such,
Nor care if he arrive or lingering go,
Because no longer his true love can touch
Your heart; and yet the Springtide is abroad
And every earthly thing rejoices, sings,
To fete the coming of the sun, Earth's Lord.
Ah! if I had yon swallow's glossy wings,
I'd fly to Phœbus and beg him to shine
A ray on your cold heart and make it mine!

TWO PUT APART.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GWEN DALE'S ORDEAL," "BY CROOKED PATHS," "A TERRIBLE WEEK," "MAIDE DALE'S PORTION," "UNDER COMPULSION," ETC., ETC., ETC.

[Hilda Priestly is the daughter of Lady Mildred Priestly. She is somewhat interested in one Hugh Mackenzie, but marries rich Pierrepoint Hayes. There is a mystery hanging round the life of Hayes, in which two women named Annabel and Alice Mostyn are implicated. Pierrepoint, previous to his marriage, visits the former in Edinburgh, and shortly after his visit the house where she lived burns down and her body is supposed to be found in the ruins. At this time he wrote his name as "Peter Haynes" on the hotel register. After the marriage an anonymous letter is received by his wife charging him with these facts, general rascality and duplicity. She hardly believes it, but their marital relations become strained and they finally agree to live in a separated kind of way at Cruxwold. Hayes intends going on a hunting excursion to Africa and Hilda advertises for a lady companion. She secures this companion who gives her name as Miss Fisher. She is a strange incomprehensible woman. Before departing on his trip, Hayes stays at Cruxwold for a while, but Miss Fisher does not meet him. She says she has sprained her ankle and remains in her room. Hayes acts frankly and manly towards his wife and she is actually beginning to love him, when she finds among some of his old letters a ring referred to in the anonymous letter. This changes her. He leaves. After his departure Hugh Mackenzie and others come to the house. Miss Fisher, as though not intending anything of the kind, lays the groundwork of scandalous gossip concerning him and Hilda. These facts bring us to the present chapter.]

CHAPTER XVIII—(CONTINUED.)

HILDA said nothing; she was very pale and she was trembling slightly. Hugh had never spoken to her as he was speaking now, had never looked at her as he was looking now. The quiver in his voice and the glow of feeling in his eyes had somehow transformed him. She knew now what it was he was offering her; and, even while she felt disappointed at losing a friend, she was already asking herself whether, in the future, her horror and dread of her husband might not drive her to accept even such consolation as this.

"One last word," said Hugh hurriedly, as he heard a warning rustle behind him—"be careful of Miss Fisher! I don't want to say a word against her, but I don't think she likes you. Never put yourself in her power."

"Aren't you going to sing to us, Hugh?" asked Lady Mildred, taking his chair as he rose; and he knew that he had said his last confidential word to his cousin, whether it was for good or for evil.

Hilda went with Lady Mildred to her room that night, to see that everything had been done for her comfort. They found Mattie instructing one of the housemaids in certain little details for her late mistress' benefit; but her ladyship elected to wait upon herself, for that night at least.

"I wanted to speak to you quietly, Hilda," she said, when the servants had gone; "I want you to tell me the real cause of this estrangement between you and your husband, to tell me everything without reserve. That there is a reason, and, in your eyes, a very grave one, I am convinced. Will you confide in me? It is for your sake I ask it, my dear child. You must know that your welfare and happiness is the first desire of my heart. Let me try to smooth away this trouble."

"Nobody can do that, mother," Hilda answered desolately, standing with loosely folded hands and pathetically thoughtful eyes gazing down at the fire—"nobody in the world. But I will tell you all there is to tell; I don't know why I should make a secret of it from my own people.

Lady Mildred's face, as she sat listening to her daughter's extraordinary story, was a study. Disbelief, surprise, mortification, and indignation followed in quick succession, and yet, when it was all told, she had made up her mind that there was no truth in it from beginning to end, that it was a story concocted for the purpose of wrecking the domestic happiness of Hayes.

"You have been victimized by somebody who owes Pierrepoint a grudge," she said. "It is impossible that he could have behaved so abominably! He would not have dared to play such a trick upon a girl with such connexions as yours!"

"But, mother, he did not deny it when I showed him the letter that night at Folkestone."

"Perhaps that was your own fault, Hilda; perhaps you let him see that you believed it. You say he did not deny it. Did he confess it was all true then?"

"No—not that. He seemed shocked that I should believe it. Yes—now I remember! He asked me how I could believe such a thing of the man I loved; and then, in the sudden horror that was on me, I told him the truth, that I had never loved him."

"Ah," exclaimed Lady Mildred—and there was a world of meaning in the ejaculation, "that is just what I imagined! How could you expect a man to stoop to denials and explanations after such a blow as that? Have you ever tried to think what it must have meant to him, that declaration of yours? Don't you know that he loved you fervently, that his very existence was bound up in you? In all my life, Hilda, I never saw a man of his age so thoroughly love-sick. If you had only acted with ordinary common sense, you might have had your own way in everything. Just picture to yourself how he must have felt when you told him to his face that he was odious to you! Nothing that you could say or do afterwards could alter it. I don't suppose he thought much about the other melodramatic business—he was too much absorbed in his own disappointment. It is all very calamitous, but it can't be allowed to go on. People are already beginning to wonder at his absence and to ask why you are shutting yourself up. All this must be altered at once. When do you expect Pierrepoint back?"

"I can't say to a day—somewhere about the beginning of November."

"Then I shall leave it until his return."

"Leave what, mother?"

"The inquiry into this business. Written explanations are never satisfactory—there is always so much left unsaid. I shall make a point of seeing Pierrepoint on his return; I shall put the whole matter before him and ask him how much truth there is in it."

"Mother, you would not dare!"

"Why not? I can't see that there is any daring in such a course. To me it seems much less alarming to speak out and have this mystery settled one way or the other than to go on in the fashion you are doing, creating remark and laying yourselves open to all kinds of scandal."

"And what if Pierrepoint acknowledges the truth of all that I have told you?"

"But he won't. If he should, then of course something will have to be done. Time enough to think about that when it happens. I only hope he'll find out who it is that has so libelled him and punish them severely. I don't think I ever felt so vindictive in my life as I feel towards this anonymous mischief-maker."

Hilda was not at all roused by her mother's excitement; she was very quiet and composed as she bid Lady Mildred "Good night" and went away to her own rooms. There was no hope whatever in her own mind that her husband would be able to right himself. The finding of the ring in Pierrepoint's room had seemed to her such absolute proof of his guilt that it would take something more than a mere denial on his part to shake her conviction. Perhaps she was the less likely to be hopeful because in her inmost heart there was a faint ever present yearning to be at peace with her husband. As a rule, she refused to acknowledge this yearning even to herself, and strove to crush it by encouraging other less hopeless thoughts and feelings; but there were times when it conquered her in spite of herself, and she would turn away in impatient horror from her own weakness in thinking a single kind thought of such a man.

CHAPTER XIX.

TO THE people at Cruxwold it seemed as if, when Hugh Mackenzie left, he took the summer with him. The weather broke up all at once in the most decided manner, chill winds and gray skies took the place of the late balmy airs and sunshine, and the ladies spent the afternoons in the small inner drawing-room or round the fire of logs in the hall instead of in the quadrangle garden.

During these long days in the house, Hilda's depression grew almost unbearable. The change from Hugh's society to her mother's had perhaps as much to do with this as the outward change from sunshine to gloom. She began to take long solitary walks in the morning, starting out, regardless of the weather, in stout boots and mackintosh directly after breakfast, and coming home fagged and wet through only just in time to change for luncheon. Mattie remonstrated in vain against these fatiguing tramps in the mud and rain.

In the course of these walks through the village Hilda gradually made friends with most of the old people who were past work. With the children she was friends from the first; she could overcome the shyness of the little folk easily enough—it was her own shyness that was the difficulty. It did not take the shrewd old villagers long to find this out for themselves, and, once convinced that it was not pride but a fear of intruding which made the little lady so irresponsive, they endeavored to put her at her ease. From this point her village friendship throve amazingly.

But she could not fill up the whole of her days in this delightful fashion. There were very few callers during this spell of cheerless weather, and she had plenty of time for her thoughts. As one week and then a second passed by without her receiving any answer to her letter to her husband, she began to grow desperate. The more she thought of it the more she dreaded meeting him again, and the idea of passing six weeks under the same roof with him grew intolerable; but for Lady Mildred's presence, she would have taken the matter boldly into her own hands and run away.

Lady Mildred showed no disposition to move. She had a settled purpose before her, and she did not mean to stir until it was accomplished. With all her impatience, Hilda found it impossible to hint that her mother's society is unwelcome; and so the weeks passed by and November drew very near, and Hilda was driven to the verge of distraction at the prospect of the meeting with her husband.

It was on the 26th of October that she at last received the long-expected letter from Hayes; but, when she read it, she found it was only to announce his return to London, and to inform her that he should be at Cruxwold that day week. There was no allusion to her request, not even an acknowledgment of her letter. She guessed at once that her communication had not reached him—he was incapable of the rudeness of ignoring her communication. By some means her letter had miscarried, and she would have to stay and face the ordeal of meeting him daily for quite a long time.

"Pierrepoint will be home this day week," she said to Lady Mildred across the luncheon table. "He reached town last night, but business will keep him there until the second of next month. I heard this morning."

"I am glad," Lady Mildred answered—"very glad! I was afraid I should not see him before I started for the North; now I shall just manage it."

She stopped abruptly to look at Miss Fisher. That lady had risen from her chair in some confusion, and was standing with one hand on the table in front of her and the other on the back of her chair, looking from Hilda to her mother with scared panic-stricken eyes.

"You're not well!" said Hilda quickly. "Is it one of your bad headaches again?"—Miss Fisher was rather subject to nervous headaches. "You should not have ventured down; there is nothing like perfect quiet for such attacks. Let me take you up to your room and repeat my treatment of last week."

Looking into the pretty sympathetic face above her, Miss Fisher's eyes lost some of their wild unreasoning fright; and she laughed faintly as she sank back into her chair.

"It was nothing, I assure you," she declared, with one hand pressed to her heart—"nothing, that is, for you to disturb yourself about." She was very breathless, and her lips looked white and drawn as she sat there smiling feebly. "I have been like this once or twice before, in the old anxious days before I came to Cruxwold. I—I have been worrying myself all the morning about some news I received, Mrs. Hayes, and I suppose that was what brought on this little attack."

"Bad news?" asked Hilda gently, still holding one of the long, thin, trembling hands in hers. "I'm sorry! Can I help you in any way?"

"Why, yes!" The beautiful brown eyes wandered round the room in restless unquiet until they fell upon Wilberforce, who was standing a little behind his mistress, anxiously observant, with a liquor-glass of brandy on a salver. "Yes," she said suddenly—"give me the brandy, please; it will steady my nerves."

"You were going to tell me how I could help you," observed Hilda, when Wilberforce had taken the empty glass back to the sideboard. "Is your bad news the illness of a friend? Do you want to go to them? I shall——"

"Yes—that is it! I must go away—now, at once! I can't——" She stopped suddenly and began again more calmly. "It will grieve me so to put you to any inconvenience, Mrs. Hayes, but you are always so considerate for other people!"

"What nonsense!" returned Hilda warmly. "As if anybody could be so inhuman as to put their own inconvenience forward in such circumstances! I am only grieved that you did not come to me the moment you received the news; you might have saved yourself a long morning of excitement and anxiety. Which way do you want to go—up or down the line? Wilberforce will look out the trains for you at once, and order the carriage for whichever one you want to catch; and Mattie shall help Esther with your bag."

Miss Fisher wanted to go up to London, it seemed, and, as there was no up-train for two hours, she came back to the luncheon-table and finished her meal before she went to prepare for her departure. She would write to Mrs. Hayes from town, she said; she could not leave her address because her sick friend might not have room for her in her apartments, but she would write the moment she knew anything definite.

Hilda, all anxiety to spare the agitated woman as much as she could, was earnest in her entreaties that she would not put herself out by thinking about her at all until she found herself really at leisure. While Miss Fisher was up in her room, she went to Mrs. Westedging and borrowed ten pounds in ready money from her—Hilda never had any ready money of her own, simply because in Cruxwold she had no need for it—and drew out a check for the rest of the first quarter's salary. If Miss Fisher was going to stay with a friend in rooms, she would need money. It had occurred to Hilda that perhaps this question of money had prevented Miss Fisher from coming straight to her at first, and she would have dearly liked to make the amount fifty pounds instead of twenty-five, but she was afraid Miss Fisher might take it as an impertinence. Even as it was she slipped the packet shyly into her companion's hand-bag as if she were ashamed of it, and whispered nervously that, if there was anything in the world she could do for her while she was away, she was to be sure and let her know.

Miss Fisher hesitated for a moment when she saw what Mrs. Hayes had done.

"You have paid me my quarter's salary," she said, unfolding the little packet and looking at the money in an odd self-conscious way, as if the sight of it made her feel ashamed of herself. "It is more than kind of you; you know it is not due for more than a month."

"But surely that does not matter!" Thus brought face to face with her own presumption, Hilda looked very guilty and confused. "Please don't be offended with me for the liberty," she added imploringly. "I thought perhaps—I mean, it struck me you might want—at least, it couldn't make much difference, you know——"

Miss Fisher broke into a laugh, touched and yet defiant as she realized that her employer was trying to apologize for paying her beforehand. She put out her hand impulsively.

"I quite know what you mean," she said. "Thank you for your kind thought; it is more—much more than I deserve! You will hear from me soon; and it would be very kind of you to write, letting me know your plans."

"That I shall certainly do," Hilda replied warmly. "I will keep you posted in all the news."

Again Miss Fisher thanked her in a strange hesitating manner.

When Hilda went back to the morning-room, after bidding Miss Fisher "Good-bye" from the door, she found Lady Mil-

dred at the window watching the carriage go down the drive.

"You were right in your estimate of Miss Fisher, Hilda," she said, without turning round. "There is nothing of the typical dependant about her. I wonder what sort of a person her aunt was? There is something I can't quite understand in her; she never made a mistake that one could take exception to, and yet she has left a bad impression on my mind."

"She is not really quite well and strong just now, mother. She has not had time to recover thoroughly from her long confinement in her aunt's sick-room."

"Oh, it was not her lassitude that I objected to—in fact, it would trouble me to say what it was, unless perhaps it was a suggestion of striving after effect! She never crossed a room or sat down without doing it as if she thought everybody was watching her—it was almost theatrical at times—and she seemed to do it unconsciously too, as if it was natural to her to be constantly posing. How do she and Pierrepoint get on together?"

"They have not met each other yet."

"How is that?"

"During the few days Pierrepoint was at home she was confined to her room with a sprained ankle."

"And now she will possibly miss him again, if this friend's illness should prove very serious. There seems to be a sort of fatality about it. It is rather fortunate she was not called away in this abrupt manner during Hugh's visit."

Hilda flushed, but said nothing, and Lady Mildred went on, apparently without noticing her silence.

"By-the-bye, how about that day in town you were speaking of, Hilda? If Pierrepoint is to be home this day week, you ought to get over before he comes."

"It is all settled, mother. I go up the day after to-morrow."

"Friday? But that is the day I promised to spend at Barham Lodge!"

"Well, spend it, mother. Mattie will be escort enough for me."

"I promised for you too Hilda."

"That was not very wise of you without consulting me first."

"Perhaps not; but you have so few engagements I thought I was quite safe. You must put off the London journey until Saturday or Monday."

"I can't do that—I have made my appointments."

"Pooh! Appointments with the tailor or the furrier, I suppose?"

"Yes—the tailor is one. I can't put him off, if that is what you mean, mother; and, if I could, I would not," she added, after a moment's reflection. "I don't care much for the Barham Lodge circle—it is so exceedingly and exclusively military. I like Mrs. Leith herself, but the sons and daughters are 'overpowering.' Go by all means if you care to do so, mother, and make my excuses. As the promise was given without my knowledge, Mrs. Leith cannot hold you responsible."

"It is exceedingly vexatious," Lady Mildred murmured. "I would put it off if I could, Mrs. Leith waived another engagement expressly on my account. I really think you must make another appointment with the tailor, Hilda."

Hilda shook her head.

"No; I don't mean to go to Barham Lodge. I'm sorry if you're vexed, but you should not have promised without asking me. Freedom from all control, except Pierrepoint's, is the one privilege I got out of my most unhappy marriage; you can't blame me for making the most of it. I have made up my mind to acknowledge no will but my husband's and my own for the future, mother. I shall go up to London on Friday."

Lady Mildred shrugged her shoulders, she recognized the futility of all further opposition.

"Then of course I must go alone," she said, and swept gracefully from the room, a little afraid that if she remained longer she might give expression to her chagrin.

Hilda, left alone, sat and thought. Her mother was not going up to town with her then; she could spend the day as she liked. Ever since Hugh's departure, ever since that ardent murmured speech of his by the piano on the last evening of his stay, Hilda had been puzzling how to obtain a day by herself in town; and here it was all ready arranged for her. She had a wild idea in her head of a possible way of escape from the approaching ordeal of Pierrepoint's return. Now she would be able to put it to the test and see if there was anything in it. She looked out at the dim afternoon. It did not appear enticing, certainly, but she had lost her dread of bad weather during the past few weeks, and without further indecision she wrote this short note—

"Dear Hugh—Would you send me by return post the address of a lawyer who is to be thoroughly trusted? Don't delay, as I want to see him on Friday. If you write at once, I shall get your letter before I start for town. I would not trouble you if I could help it, but you know how few friends I have; there is not another soul in the world of whom I could ask this favor.

"Always yours, HILDA.

She ran up to her room, put on thick boots and a macintosh cap and coat, hurried off to the post-office, and put the letter into the box with her own hand.

Hugh read this letter while he was sitting at his solitary eleven-o'clock breakfast in Jermyn Street, and, when he had read it, he made no attempt to finish his meal. He sat back in his large arm-chair, with his hands thrust deep down into the pockets of his old smoking-jacket, and thought deeply, with an unusual cloud on his fair handsome face.

It had come then! She had taken him at his word; and he was to pose as the hero in a matrimonial scandal. Well, he had courted it! There was no drawing back now. Not that he would have been likely to draw back if there had been a chance of his doing so; but he could not help feeling anxious and troubled now that the final plunge was decided on, for of course Hilda's letter could mean but one thing.

He sent off the address she asked for at once, and also made an appointment for her with the lawyer.

The next morning Hugh went to Charing Cross and met the train he knew she was most likely to come by. He saw her in the hurrying crowd of passengers a few moments before he could get to her, looking scared at finding herself alone amidst the bustle, but very sweet and attractive, he thought.

There was no lack of warmth in his manner when he at last reached her side; while she greeted him with a frank gladness which made him feel for the moment at a disadvantage. He had perhaps looked for some little touch of self-consciousness, but there was nothing of the sort.

"Did you come on purpose to meet me?" she exclaimed gratefully. "That was good of you! You can't think how glad I am to see you! I was getting afraid of the crowd!"

"How is it you are alone?" he asked. "I wonder aunt Mildred let you come without somebody to take care of you."

"She doesn't know; she thinks Mattie is with me. Before I left she started away from Cruxwold for the day; but I came alone because I did not want anybody to know what I was going to do. Weren't you very surprised when you read my letter?"

"Hush," he said quickly—"say nothing about that here! Wait until we are out of this uproar. I have ordered some luncheon at the hotel here. You will come? You can't get through a day's business without some food, and we can talk better there. I am very curious to hear what this mysterious visit means."

Not another word passed between them until they were in the private room he had bespoken; and then he turned and looked at her.

CHAPTER XX.

"MAY I speak now?" Hilda said eagerly, as she took a seat opposite to her companion in the room at the Charing Cross Hotel, in which they were to lunch together. "It is about the lawyer I am so anxious, Hugh. I may not get another opportunity for months. Do you think he will be able to see me to-day?"

"I have arranged an appointment for you at two o'clock. What is the secret, Hilda? Will you tell me? I may be able to advise you a little."

She began pulling her gloves off in a quick nervous way, which he imputed to the self-consciousness he had been watching for. She glanced at him appealingly.

"I think I would rather not tell you," she said. "It would be so difficult to talk about it to you!"

"You shall do just as you wish, of course," he replied; "only you are such a guileless little child, you know, Hilda, and I am afraid that in your innocence and inexperience you may place yourself in a false position before you are aware of it!"

"It wouldn't matter much if I did," she murmured piteously; "nothing could make things much worse than they are already. No—I don't think I could talk this business over with you, Hugh. I was glad when I saw you out there in the crowd just now; but—but perhaps it would have been better if we had not seen each other to-day."

"Well, you can't expect me to agree to that," he said lightly. "And you need not be afraid; I won't make myself at all intrusive. If you don't want to tell me about this business with the lawyer, I will suppress my curiosity. But, if you won't let me advise you in that matter, will you take a word of caution from me? When you go to see this Mr. Guthridge, will you keep your own name back? Call yourself Mrs. Davis or Mrs. Thompson for the time being. My dear little, don't look so scandalized"—for Hilda had turned her soft gray eyes upon him in startled wonder—"it is only a precaution against future inconvenience! Suppose, for instance, you decide, after seeing Guthridge, not to go any farther with this mysterious undertaking of yours—in that case you would not care for Guthridge's clerks to have your name on their tongues, would you?"

"I see what you mean," she observed thoughtfully. "Yes, thank you; I will follow your advice. It sounded rather dreadful at first, as if I were ashamed of what I am going to do; and I'm not, you know—not a bit!"

She looked at him so fearlessly and candidly that a sudden sense of shame smote him and he flushed uncomfortably.

"Ashamed? I hope not!" he exclaimed, and then hastily changed the subject. "You never wrote to me about that Riviera scheme, Hilda."

"No—because I had no answer to my letter."

"No answer?"

"No. I don't think it could have been received. I heard from Pierrepoint the day before yesterday, and there was no allusion in his letter to the other matter."

"When do you expect him back?"

"He is back now, in town. He will be at Cruxwold on Wednesday."

This news in itself startled him so much that her despondent air in communicating it was lost upon him.

"In town? Do you mean that he is already in London? Isn't it rather risky, your coming up like this? We might knock against him, you know."

"I should not mind," she returned. "The only thing I should mind would be his interfering with what I have come up to do; and it is not likely he will do that. He has told me over and over again that he will never attempt to control my actions. No—I should not mind meeting him."

Hugh smiled, but he could not share her indifference on the subject. He was well aware that in the present circumstances a meeting with Hayes just now might be very awkward, and, though he was careful not to betray any signs of his anxiety, he could not shake off the sense of risk which the news of his return had impressed upon him.

"I suppose it is of no use my offering to go to Chancery Lane with you?" he said, when she rose to go; and he was intensely relieved when she answered—

"I would rather go alone, if you won't think me very ungrateful."

"Not at all. But I should like to see you safely off on your return journey to Cruxwold. May I?"

"Oh, would you? It would be so good of you!"

"What train do you mean to go down by?"

"The 5.15. I have to go to the tailor's as well as to Mr. Guthridge; I don't think I can catch the 4.30."

"I will be here by a little after four in any case then, and, if we have half an hour to spare, we will come back here and have some tea."

Hugh felt rather pleased with himself all that afternoon. Most men, he told himself, with a glow of self-satisfaction, would have been brutal enough to humiliate the poor little darling by making love to her; but, thank Heaven, he had more consideration than that! He was desperately in love with her, and he would be goodness itself to her if she would let him; but he was not such a coarse-minded fellow as to shock her delicacy and make her regret her confidence in him. There was a suitable time for passionate declarations as for everything else.

It was a quarter-past four when he returned to Charing Cross. The station was dim with a yellow fog. Fearful of missing Hilda, he went round the platforms and waiting-rooms carefully and thoroughly before posting himself on the pavement outside to watch for her arrival. The waiting-rooms were all in deep gloom, and he was obliged to make a pretty close examination of them to assure himself that she was not already there. He had just finished his exploration and his hand was on the swing glass door leading out to the booking-office, when he saw an unusually tall man pass with a lady towards the platform. The view was so brief and he was so startled that, after they had passed, he found he was not absolutely certain whether it was Hayes or not. After a moment of indecision, he followed them to the platform, where the light was stronger.

It was Hayes sure enough. He was giving directions concerning the labelling of some luggage for the 4.30 train.

Hugh turned back at once, and reached the pavement outside as Hilda's cab drew up. Hastily paying the man, he hurried her in through the outer hotel entrance and up to the room where they had lunched.

"You can't go down by the 4.30," he told her, in answer to her remonstrances. "Your husband is already seeing a lady off by that train. You had much better wait quietly here for the 5.15. The meeting might be awkward for us all."

"What do you mean?" she asked excitedly. "Pierrepoint here—with another lady! What do you mean? Why are you looking at me like that? Who is it that is with him?"

He drew her over to the window which looked down, she saw her husband and a tall well-dressed woman talking together immediately beneath her. She could not see his face, but she could see the lady's raised towards his; it was not a beautiful face, but was such a remarkably attractive one that she felt an instinctive longing to see what effect it had upon him. From the courteous attention with which he was listening to her and the vivacity of her face Hilda imagined there must be a very responsive look on his, and the thought brought a sharp pain to her heart.

"Who is she, Hugh?" she gasped. "Do you know?"

"Yes," Hugh answered over her shoulder. "It is Mrs. Mountjoy—about the most 'advanced' female writer of the day, Hilda, which is saying a good deal. Some people are spiteful enough to say that, if Mrs. Mountjoy's writings were taken seriously, most of the old-fashioned obligations involved in the terms 'right' and 'wrong' would be swept away."

"Is she—is she a widow, Hugh?"

"Well, I never heard of her having a husband, so I suppose she is. Very gracious to him, isn't she? I heard that she had started a new intrigue, but I didn't expect to find Hayes the hero of it. Her last victim was poor little Beckton Writteslee. She broke his heart, tossed him aside, and caricatured him in her last novel."

Hilda's breath grew quick and short as she listened.

"They appear to—to be very much at home with each other," she faltered. And then, to his astonishment, she turned upon him and exclaimed, with sudden irrepressible passion, "What does it mean, Hugh? Tell me! Tell me at least what you think of it yourself! Does it—does it mean emancipation for me?"

"I don't know. I should not like to give my opinion until I've seen a little more; but I think it may mean that in the time to come, Hilda."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE DANDY DONE.—A dandy was recently walking under the arcades of the Rue de Rivoli, in Paris, holding in his hand a gold-headed cane of splendid workmanship. A man supported by two crutches came up, and asked for alms in a pitiful tone. At the same moment a person near him suddenly exclaimed, "How can you, sir, allow this rogue to deceive you? Please to lend me your cane, and I will show you that the rascal runs better than I can." The dandy, without reflecting, lent his cane; the beggar, the moment he perceived it in his detractor's hand, threw away his crutches and took to his heels, and was followed by the man with the cane, whilst the spectators and the dandy particularly remained in convulsions of laughter at the sight, and exclaiming alternately, "O, he will be caught!"—"No, he will not be caught!" But both the racing heroes disappeared at the next turning in the street, and their victim waiting for his splendid cane, which cost five hundred francs.

A REMEDY FOR COLD FEET.—All that is necessary, says an exchange, is to stand erect, and very gradually lift oneself upon the tips of the toes, so as to put all the tendons of the foot at full strain. This is not to hop or jump up or down, but simply to rise—the slower the better—upon tiptoe, and to remain standing on the point of the toes as long as possible, and then gradually come to the natural position. Repeat this several times, and by the amount of work the tips of the toes are made to do in sustaining the body's weight a sufficient and lively circulation is set up.

HER VOICE.

BY W. W. L.

Softly through the darkness stealing,
Comes a sweet familiar voice;
And the gentle tones so tender,
Make my weary soul rejoice.

Tender voice from memories sunrise
On the hills of long ago,
When my feet grow tired and weary,
From my life you drive dark woe.

A Tale of Turghuela.

BY A. G. R.

TURGHUELA, TURGHUELA? That's where Maimie Rhodes lives; and that settles the question. I'll go and chance it."

So Geoffry Dasent wrote off there and then to the Colonial Office, accepting the munificent offer of the post of Government Medical Officer in Turghuela at a salary of two hundred pounds a year.

It could surely be only the light of Maimie Rhodes' eyes that could attract a man from England to Turghuela, seeing what a remote, unknown scrap of a place it is, compared with which the other West Indian Islands are great continents astir with the hubbub of mighty issues.

In fact, it is so small that it is not mentioned by name in "Whitaker," nor is it otherwise indicated on a map than by a dot, surrounded by dots equally nameless, but all bearing the general title of "The Virgin Islands."

For fertile loveliness it is a Garden of Eden. Its miniature ranges of mountains are wooded up to the top with tamarinds, cinnamons, silk-cotton trees, and ponis, whose yellow blossoms splash the sides in broad patches of gold.

The air is thick with the scent of bananas, custard-apples, sour-sops, and mangoes, that grow around the little homesteads; and the fields of tall, green canes, on the one sugar estate the island boasts of, rustle pleasantly in the cool sea breeze.

The people, too, seem picturesquely happy; the few whites in their clean drill-suits and straw hats, the negro-women with stately figures set off by the erect poise of their heads tied round with handkerchiefs of gaudy red and yellow, and the little negro children running about, with naked little bodies shining in the sun.

All of these things aroused Geoffry Dasent's delight as he landed in Turghuela, and was shown round the place by the vice-president of the island, a versatile gentleman combining the office of stipendiary magistrate, harbor-master, postmaster, registrar, commandant of police, and general dealer in home and colonial produce, who welcomed him with most sincere effusion, and put his house, his servants, and his cattle at the service of the new-comer.

Dasent was in such a whirl of new sensations, that it was some time before he found an opportunity for inquiring after Miss Rhodes.

"Dear me!" exclaimed his new friend. "The idea of knowing any one here! I suppose you mean Maimie Rhodes—that was. She's married now. You never heard of it? A man called Conway; lucky beggar. Came over here a year or two ago as overseer on Mount Pleasant, married Maimie, and, on the death of her father, came into possession of the whole estate."

Dasent scarcely heard the latter part of this little speech. The blue faded from the sky, and the glory from the hills. Maimie married! A vague sense of the futility of things came over him and he wished himself back in England.

But in Turghuela he was, and in Turghuela he had to remain, and to learn the quaint ways of his dusky patients, and to foregather with his spiritual colleague, the Rev. Mr. Jones, who officiated in the tiniest little stone church covered all over with the bell-apple vine, and to meet Maimie just as if nothing had ever passed between them, and to dine at her husband's table; and, finally, to keep a stiff upper-lip whilst working out like a man the lot he had appointed unto himself.

A surprise even more disagreeable than the news of Maimie's marriage, was his introduction to her husband. Mountains meet sometimes, says the proverb, and then earthquakes follow.

There was no earthquake in this case at Turghuela, but the two men glared for a moment at each other, until Conway put out his hand, and with an assumption of rough geniality, said:

"Come, we mustn't be bad friends here. Let bygones be bygones."

And then Dasent had perforce to accept the olive-branch proffered in the shape of the great sun-glazed hand, although he felt the ashes of an almost forgotten disgust burst into flame within him.

Maimie received him with a glad welcome she hardly strove to hide. She was still the same sweet, unsophisticated little girl he had fallen in love with two years before in England, in spite of a certain seriousness of matronly dignity which seemed to him quaintly incongruous.

"What on earth made you come out to this heaven-forsaken place?" she asked one day.

He had been dining at Mount Pleasant, and it being crop-time, Conway had rushed off to the works, leaving the two alone on the verandah.

"I don't think it is that," he replied, lazily enjoying the moonlight and the scent of the orange-blossoms in the garden. "I had no idea that Turghuela was such a paradise—as far as God made it."

"You are as bad as a woman. You attack side-issues instead of coming to the point. I asked you why you came out."

He looked up quickly at her. Her head was turned aside in critical contemplation of a twig of jasmine she was twisting. Still, he could not tell her the exact truth.

"What makes men do silly things?"

"Then it was simply your own folly that brought you here?"

"As it has turned out. How have you managed to become so argumentative? When I knew you in England you were the least logical of little girls."

"I have lived many years since then. I am an old married woman now." And then, after a pause: "Why did you never write to me?"

"Why did you leave England so suddenly, without letting me know? One Sunday your were full of plans for enjoying your visit, and the next, when I had tolled ten miles to see you, I learnt that you had sailed away on Wednesday."

"I know," she said, rising suddenly, and throwing away the jasmine stalk, "it was a mistake. I must go and see what Petrona is doing with that coffee."

"It was a mistake." That was enigmatical. Dasent walked homewards very thoughtful, not without certain misgivings, which the sound of Conway's voice and that of a woman, raised suddenly in angry altercation some yards in front of him on the road, did not allay.

"You lie, you black beast," said Conway, and his tone broke harshly upon the moonlight stillness.

"Whether I'm black or whether I'm mulatter, don't make any difference. Thar's white people isn't good enough to pull jiggers out of black people's foot. O me Fathers! Mr. Conway, you're real bad. When you're not drinking rum, you're hangering around respectable people's da'ghters, and poor Miss Maimie up yonder treated like a darg."

"Hold your tongue," said Conway, savagely. "Here's five dollars."

"Not for five dollars nor for fifty dollars. You can keep your dirty dollars," replied the indignant matron, and then she paused as Dasent passed by.

The moonlight was too strong for the two men to pretend not to recognise each other. They exchanged a curt good-night, and Dasent went on his way.

This scrap of conversation confirmed in his mind the vague rumors that were afloat in the island concerning Mr. Conway's domestic affairs.

"It is hard enough," he wrote to his sister in England, "to see the girl one cares for married to another man; but when this man has been known to one as a scamp, and shows himself now to be a drunken brute, it makes one simply frantic. And Maimie—— Well, she regrets. Don't be afraid, sis. If I felt I could not trust myself, I should not write to you, or I should come home. But I must stay here. A man can't escape his responsibilities by hiding his head from them, ostrich fashion."

So Dasent resolved to abide in Turghuela, and see the play played out. Meanwhile, he led an easy, pleasant life, as far as material pleasures were concerned.

He doctored the lazy, good-natured negroes to their hearts' content, and gained their sincere esteem as much by his kindness as by the uncompromising potency of his medicines; and in his leisure hours idled the time away, bathing in the many colored sea, playing strange Arcadian tennis on the coarse, burnt-up patch of field adjoining the Parsonage, or chatting in the cool of a verandah while the tropical noonday sun was blazing.

He saw as little as he possibly could of Conway, who, on his side, tried to effect his policy of conciliation. But it is not easy to avoid meeting one's neighbor in Turghuela, and Dasent saw more of him and of Maimie than was good for his peace of mind.

He noticed, too, that Maimie was beginning to look unhappy, and sometimes he would catch a queer, furtive glance she directed at her husband, and worse than all—from a certain point of view—he saw an unmistakeable light in her gray eyes when Conway had freed them of his presence.

Once he vaguely hinted at returning to England. She looked at him half-frightened, and laid her hand upon his arm, in her impulsive fashion.

"You must not go yet awhile. You must stay and help me—as a doctor—with Philip. Promise me you won't go yet?"

One morning, about a week after this, he rode up to Mount Pleasant to see Conway professionally. Rum and sodas and unlimited Bass had affected his liver, and Dasent went to cure it, much against his will.

He had scarcely hitched his pony up to the gate-post, when Maimie, with great, frightened eyes, and a white face with a strange, red mark across it, rushed out upon the verandah, followed by her husband.

He had evidently been drinking; his eyes were bloodshot, and he carried a thick riding-whip in his hand. Dasent sprang up the steps, with fury in his heart.

"You brute!" he shouted, as, with a little choking sob, Maimie ran to him for protection, and clung to his arm.

"Stand back, or by Heaven I'll kill you!" cried Conway, brandishing his whip. "I'll kill the two of you! You and that——"

Dasent shook himself free of Maimie, and dashed his fist full in the speaker's face. Conway reeled, fell, struck his head against the lintel, and lay stunned.

"He's dead!"

"Oh, no, he isn't. Maimie, darling, how did this happen?" asked Dasent, losing his self-control.

"We quarrelled because I said you had forbidden him to drink, and then—— Oh, my love! my love! help me." And she fell sobbing into his arms.

"Come, Maimie, this won't do," he said, with kind roughness. "Get your hat at once, and go to Mrs. Jones. That's the only thing to be done for the present. I'll stay and look after—him."

That night Maimie slept at the Parsonage, while her husband remained a sullen invalid at Mount Pleasant.

Early the next morning Dasent was summoned by a little black boy.

"Please, sir, Mr. Conway's very sick, and old Joe thinks it is yellow fever."

There was no doubt of it. The ghastly yellow face, the delirious eyes, and the raging fever told their own tale. Dasent made a few hurried necessary arrangements in the sick room, sent one messenger off to the chemist's, and another with a note for Maimie, telling her briefly what had occurred, and peremptorily forbidding her to come near the house.

He saw at once that it was a bad case—almost hopeless. Still, his professional pride was aroused, and he intended to combat the disease desperately. He was pouring a draught of quinine down the patient's throat, when the door opened; and Maimie came into the room.

"Go away, Maimie; go at once! I'll send you news of him," he said, rather impatiently.

Maimie took off her hat, and threw it on a chair.

"He is my husband, and I am come to nurse him."

"It's madness. You are not strong. You will be rushing into certain death."

"And you?"

He shrugged his shoulders.

"It's a doctor's duty," he said.

"So it is a wife's. I am staying. Just tell me what you want done, and I'll do it."

Dasent could not gainsay her. He shrugged his shoulders again in token of reluctant submission.

Hour and hour, during that awful illness, they watched together by the sick man's bed, trying all that science and unremitting care could do to win him back to life.

In his delirium he muttered things that made Dasent's blood boil, and Maimie's face grow white and set. The bruise across her cheek, where the whip had cut her, still remained.

Dasent was seized with a terrible temptation to let him die there and then. It was only too easy, and could hardly be called murder. It seemed monstrous injustice that this drunken ruffian should live to bar his way and Maimie's to happiness.

What if he told her all he knew—that Conway was a fellow medical student of his; that he had swindled him out of a large sum of money; that he had turned into an idle turf-loafer, who lived upon the hard-earned salary of a provincial actress?

In his delirium, Conway called his wife "Flossie," and asked her for money, and cursed her bitterly. And Maimie listened, and half guessed the miserable truth.

But Dasent scarcely spoke to her, save in whispered monosyllables, giving her directions. They both sat silent, watching the man they both hated, whose death, with a terrible dread of their own selves at their hearts, they were both longing for, and yet, at the risk of their own lives, were striving to avert.

An old negro-woman, Maimie's nurse—faithful in all things, as negroes are—shared the night-watch with them.

At dawn, Dasent going out to breathe the fresh air, was surprised at seeing a strange thing hanging by the door. It was an old bottle filled with rag and straw and from the mouth stuck three crow's feathers.

"What on earth is this?" he said aloud to himself.

"That is obeah," replied Maimie, who had crept out behind him. "Have you never heard of it? It is a spell to bring death into the house. The negroes hate him so."

When the fatal black-vomit came, Dasent muttered to himself: "It is all over."

"Not yet; there is still hope," said Maimie, in a low voice.

For two hours Conway hovered between life and death, vitality only kept in him by supreme, unrelaxing devotion. He was no longer a man in Dasent's eyes, but a case which he watched with breathless interest. At length the crisis passed, the fever abated, and Conway fell into a calm sleep.

"We have saved his life," said Dasent, with a deep breath.

Although the worst was over, Conway required for days the most constant care that Dasent and Maimie could give him. He lay languid and exhausted, all but unconscious of their presence. And this was their hardest trial.

It was comparatively easy to put self in the background during the excitement of battling with the disease; not so to continue watchful and tender now that the reaction had come. Still they came triumphantly out of the ordeal, each strengthened in love and respect for the other.

One day they were walking by the window of the sick-room, when they were startled by seeing Conway rise in bed and point terror-stricken to the door. It was the first sign of vitality he had shown.

"Who is that woman? How did she get here?"

And then a voice was heard from the hall:

"I don't care whether Mr. Conway is ill or not. Just tell him that his wife, Mrs. Conway, wishes to speak with him."

"Flossie! My wife!" said Conway.

"Do you mean to say you married that woman you sponged on in England?" cried Dasent, fiercely.

The woman's voice outside was barely audible. Conway fell back exhausted on his pillow.

"Yes," he gasped. "The game's up. Why didn't you let me die? I think I am dying now—Maimie——"

He struggled to say more, but the words stuck in his throat. He drew two or three spasmodic breaths, and then raised himself convulsively and fell back dead. He had died of "shock."

* * * * * *

"Ah, my dear Miss Priscilla!" said a negro woman, about two months after this, to a friend who was doing her the kindly office of plaiting her hair, as they sat at the threshold of a house. "It was the obeah as did it. White people laugh at obeah, but when you put obeah over a door something's boun' for to happen inside."

"How his wife come to find him?" inquired "Miss" Priscilla.

"Well, the Reverend say as how it war a judgment of the good God; but I think it war the obeah and the mouth that war put upon him ever sence he came that brought his wife out to B'hados play-acting."

"What's that, Miss Sophy?"

"Play-actin'," replied Miss Sophy, who had seen the world, "is pretendin' to be somebody else, like if you and me war to go roun' saying we war white people on a platform, and the folks all laugh."

"I see," said Miss Priscilla.

"And then obeah must have told her he was here, and so she came. Ah, my dear Miss Priscilla, he was real wicked. The debble's got him now by the foot. And now Miss Malmie's gwine to be married, and is gwine away from Turghuois, now that Mount Pleasant is to be sold. I wish we could put obeah on her and make her stay, but thar's some things it won't do, my dear child. But I'll go to old Joe, and make the old negro put up a great big obeah when Miss Malmie and Dr. Dasent get married for them to have lots of pretty chillun. Thank you, Miss Priscilla, I ain't been able to get any one to do my hair for the las' three months."

COURTSHIP IN SWEDEN.

"Courting is like dying; sure, a man must do it for himself!" So says Paddy out of the depths of a vast experience. Young Sweden is equally gallant, but not equally independent.

However freely he may woo the girl of his heart, custom does not always permit him to "pop the fateful question" himself; or, if he does, as no doubt is usually the case, he must still make the proposal in due form, or the parents of his bride will feel slighted.

It must be remembered, however, that the custom alluded to is by no means universal; but in those parts of Sweden where old usages are retained, the "boneman" still flourishes, and is, at least in his own eyes, the most important person in the parish. His name indicates his office, the word "boneman" signifying one who entreats.

To this august personage the love-sick swain confides his wishes, and from that time till after the betrothal he ceases to take an active part in the proceedings, simply doing what he is told by the "boneman," who is pro tem., master of the situation, and uses his brief authority after the manner of his kind.

First, unaccompanied by the lover, he calls at the house of the bride elect, and addressing himself to her parents, unfolds his errand with much solemnity; expatiates upon the good qualities of the aspirant, his amiability, steadiness, and generosity, and the probability that he will make a good husband.

Then he proceeds to more mundane matters, and enumerates the worldly goods of which the youth is possessed, his present income and future prospects; making out as good a case for his client as he can, and interlarding his discourse with appropriate texts of Scriptures, not forgetting Eleazar's similar errand, by way of exalting his own office, and hinting that his host cannot do better than imitate the conduct of Laban upon that occasion.

When his eloquence is exhausted, the worthy "boneman" entreats permission to introduce his client to the lady, quite ignoring any informal interviews which may have taken place previously.

If the lover is unwelcome to the parents, the proposed visit is courteously declined; but if the alliance suggested meets with their approval, the meeting is at once arranged, the girl herself taking no part in the discussion; it is, in fact, her cue to maintain an air of complete indifference throughout the interview.

At the time appointed, the "boneman" arrives, with the young man in charge, and presents him to the lady with an elaborate and eulogistic speech. At this stage of the proceedings it is not etiquette for the young people to talk to each other, or to show any mark of preference.

The girl therefore busies herself with her knitting, and tries to look unconcerned, while the unfortunate youth twiddles his thumbs, and succeeds in looking ineffably foolish without trying at all!

Throughout this trying ordeal, Phyllis has decidedly the best of it, for her hands and eyes are well employed, whereas poor Corydon does not know which way to look, and finds his hands and feet uncomfortably in his way.

Meanwhile, the "boneman" and his host are arranging the day of betrothal, a ceremony second only in importance to the wedding, the festivities being frequently kept up for several days.

If the farmer is in prosperous circumstances, he invites a large number of neighbors and relatives to grace his daughter's betrothal, the party being doubled by the friends and kinsfolk who arrive with the young man. The clergyman also accompanies him, and the "boneman," who makes the most of this, his last day of power.

The host meets his guests at the door, offering to each a small glass of brandy, which is the universal token of welcome throughout both Norway and Sweden. The visitors "skal" the happy pair, and then enter the house, preceded by the minister, who makes an address suitable to the occasion.

The "boneman" now bustles forward, places his charges in the centre of the room, and the ceremony begins. First, the lovers exchange "minde" rings, then they clasp hands in token of constancy, while the clergyman asks each in turn the solemn question, "Before God the Almighty and All-knowing, and in the presence of these witnesses, I ask thee if thou wilt have him (or her) for thy betrothed?" Then follows the Lord's Prayer, a solemn benediction closing the simple and beautiful little service.

Friends now gather round and lay their hands upon the clasped hands of the lovers, thus bearing witness to the oaths of fidelity. The minister delivers another address, and then everybody shakes hands with the young couple and wish them joy.

The company now sit down to the banquet prepared; that over, dancing begins, and is kept up to a late hour. At length the lights are put out, and the guests dispose themselves to slumber as best they can under the circumstances.

When a party numbers two hundred or more, it is reasonable to suppose that beds cannot be found for all. The hostess can do no more than provide an abundance of clean straw, which is heaped upon the floor of kitchen and barn.

Happily, Swedes are not fastidious, and accommodate themselves to circumstances with great cheerfulness. They lie down promiscuously upon the sweet straw, sleep the sleep of the just, and awake in the morning ready for another day of feasting, dancing and singing.

In many respects Norway and Sweden are said to be alike. The language, religion, and many of the customs are the same; but there are points of difference. The Norwegians, possibly owing to the stern character of their mountain scenery, are grave and deliberate, even the children lacking the gaiety natural to their age.

Swedes, on the contrary, are light-hearted and pleasure-loving; they are also handsome, which cannot, as a rule, be said for the women of Norway.

The young girls of Sweden are often extremely beautiful, especially between the age of fifteen and eighteen. They are tall, well-formed, and graceful, with large blue eyes, an exquisite rose and lily complexion, and abundant golden hair, which they wear in two long plaits, tied at the end with ribbon, except on grand occasions, when they allow their hair to fall loose upon their shoulders.

Unfortunately, this beauty is fleeting. The field work, which most of the women share with the men, robs them of their bloom; toil and exposure coarsening the features and roughening the delicate skin. Masculine beauty wears better. The blue-eyed, fair-haired lad who at twenty was a model of manly grace, is equally handsome at forty, with the added charm of dignity and conscious worth. Such men are not likely to be tardy wooers.

All over Sweden, Saturday evening is the recognized time for courting, or as it is there called, "bundling." Saturday is one of the busiest days of the week, for not only must the house be made spick and span in readiness for Sunday, but every member of the family undergoes a similar "cleaning-up" process.

The large barn is utilized as a bath-room, and by the time the evening meal is ready each lad and lass is spruce and tidy, with neatly-brushed and braided hair, and wearing clean Sunday garments. This being bundling night, we may be sure the girls are all as smart as can be, the boys showing quite as much anxiety to make themselves attractive. By-and-by they set off on bundling expeditions of their own, leaving their sisters to entertain the expected guests.

THE UNIVERSAL QUESTION.—A witty individual one morning wagered that he would ask the same question of fifty different persons and receive the same answer from each. The wit went to first one and then to another, until he had reached the number of fifty. And this is how he won the bet. He whispered half-audibly to each: "I say, have you heard that Smith has failed?" "What Smith?" queried the whole fifty, one after another, and it was decided that the bet had been fairly won.

VERSATILITY.—The absence of versatility among musicians is very conspicuous. More than other groups of creators they have devoted themselves with singleness of purpose to their chosen craft. While a number of scientific men and painters have shown a respectable skill in music, it would be difficult to find a really eminent musician who has made his mark in any other branch of production.

Schumann attained some literary skill as a musical critic, and Mendelssohn, as we know from his charming letters, was not only a man of much wider culture than the bulk of musicians, but acquired a certain facility and grace in the use of his pen; but neither of these has any strong claims to a literary reputation.

Perhaps the one exception to the general one-sidedness of musicians is Richard Wagner, whose dramatic poems are by many placed on a level with his musical compositions, and whose critical prose works are marked not only by real philosophic acuteness, but by a clear and forcible style.

In literature, examples of great and even astonishing versatility are easy to find. A high place must be accorded to those who have attained to real distinction in the two great departments of prose and poetry.

Not many names one imagines, could be mentioned as worthy to be included in this group. Milton, in virtue of his "Areopagitica," Voltaire, Goethe, Scott, Coleridge and Hugo might safely be included.

In addition to such undoubted masters of the double craft, others, as Lessing, Schiller, Shelley, are deserving of mention as having displayed skill in both branches of the literary art. Goethe, Goldsmith, Johnson, Coleridge and Hazlitt are all excellent examples of diversified talent.

Hoffmann, the novelist, was a good lawyer, a musical composer, and a painter. His versatility almost puts into the shade the encyclopedic attainments of the Admirable Crichton, and the miscellaneous accomplishments of Brougham.

Other instances that just need to be alluded to are Rousseau, who joined to his literary gifts a respectable musical talent; and Thackeray, who, when young, showed a marked proclivity to art, and actually began a professional study of it.

ORIGIN OF THE GOD HYMEN.—Dauchet, the French poet, tell us, respecting the deification of Hymen, that he was a young man of Athens, obscurely born, but extremely handsome. Falling in love with a young lady of distinction, he disguised himself in a female habit, in order to get access to her and enjoy the pleasure of her company. As he happened to be one day in this disguise with his mistress and her female companions, celebrating on the seashore the rites of Ceres Eleusina, a gang of pirates came upon them by surprise and carried them all off. The pirates, having conveyed them to a distant island, got drunk for joy and fell asleep. Hymen seized his opportunity, armed the virgins, and despatched the pirates; after which, leaving the ladies on the island, he went in haste to Athens, where he told his adventure to all the parents, and demanded her he loved in marriage, as her ransom. His request was granted, and so fortunate was the marriage that the name of Hymen was ever afterwards invoked on all future nuptials, and in progress of time the Greeks enrolled him among their gods.

THE CAT.—The Egyptians are the first people among whom we find notices of the cat. It figures largely upon the monuments as a domestic pet, and was honored when dead. Comical stories are told by Herodotus of the anxiety to save the cats when a house caught fire, and of the grief when one died. The cat seemed to have served as a retriever in fowling expeditions, and even in fishing. It seems strange that no mention of the cat occurs in the Bible or in any Assyrian record. Professor Max Muller is quoted as saying that even in India it was but recently known as a domestic animal. Its Sanscrit name is marjara, from a root meaning "to clean," from the creature's habit of licking itself at its toilet. The cat's mousing habits were well known to the Romans, and even to the Etruscans, as shown by antique gems and even wall-paintings. The mouse-killer domesticated among the Greeks has been shown by Professor Rolleston to have been the white-breasted marten. Besides the cat, the Egyptians domesticated the ichneumon, popularly known as Pharaoh's rat, which is still to be seen in houses at Cairo.

THE SEEDS.—This is a good time to overhaul the seeds. The quality of the seeds often depends on how and where they are kept.

Scientific and Useful.

HAY-SAVER.—A hay saver, consisting of a three sided device which enables the horse to insert his head into the manger, but does not permit any lateral movement of it, is a late invention.

ASBESTOS.—Asbestos plates are sold at some of the house-furnishing shops. They are of use in very hot ovens and on very hot stoves to protect the bottoms of baking pans and saucepans.

BLOTTERS.—A blotter can be made, it is said, that will remove ink spots from paper. Take a thick blotting paper and steep it several times in a solution of oxalic acid or oxalate of potassium. While the ink spot is moist apply the prepared blotter, and the ink will be entirely removed, it is claimed.

MAKING FIRES.—There is an art in making a coal fire in a grate. An expert first clears the grate, then fills it half full of coal, on which is built a wood fire. The wood ashes on top of the coal, it is said, prevents its rapid consumption, and a fire thus constructed, burning slowly with a moderate heat, will last all day.

FOR DUSTING CEILINGS.—A novelty seen at a recent sale of fancy work was a broom cover to be used in dusting down walls and ceilings. It was made of linen, the shape of the broom itself, and was really an inverted bag when adjusted. After it was drawn over the broom shirr strings held it close where the handle joined the sprints. As it was made entirely of washables, braid and linen, it was very suitable for its purpose and an improvement in time and usefulness over the cloth which most housekeepers wind about a broom for the same office.

Farm and Garden.

FATTENING SHEEP.—A good grain for fattening sheep, is shelled corn one-half, barley or rye one-quarter, oats one-quarter, all by weights, or, still better, substitute one-fourth of the corn with cotton-seed meal. To the majority of farmers corn is the most available feed, and corn may be fed to good advantage alone, provided a sufficient amount of cooling and laxative, coarse feed is given with it, such as clover hay.

PLANT DISEASES.—One of the best evidences of the work of the Agricultural Department is the interest taken by farmers in combating plant diseases. Plant diseases are now classified, and expressed in plain language, and but few farmers who receive the bulletins fail to take advantage of the information given, especially in the application of remedies. Fungicides and insecticides are now as much a portion of the farmer's supplies as his fertilizers.

SCRUB STOCK.—One of the chief causes of the poverty of some farmers is the use of scrub stock. Nothing is so sure to keep a farmer poor as to make good crops and feed his surplus to scrub stock. An English farmer would abandon his farm altogether if he was compelled to use such stock as is kept on many farms in this country. There is no reason for the keeping of scrubs, as males from pure bred herds or flocks can be procured at a very nominal cost compared with the advantages gained.

WARM SPELLS.—The difficulty in winter is to pass safely through the warm spells. As long as an apple is frozen it is safe, or when it is kept at a temperature below freezing it can be easily preserved, but if frozen and then thawed, decay begins. For that reason such crops as turnips and carrots are stored in mounds or pits, and kept at a temperature but little below the freezing point. Even cabbages, when placed on the surface of the ground and covered well, will keep through the winter in as sound condition as when the heads are buried, but should they thaw or be exposed to a temperature but little above that in which they have been kept, they begin to decay or sprout.

TWO OR THREE COLDS in succession, will often establish the seeds of Consumption in the system, converting what was originally a simple, curable affection, into one generally fatal. While ordinary prudence, therefore, makes it the business of every one to take care of a Cold until it is got rid of, intelligent experience presents a remedy in Dr. Jayne's Expectorant, thoroughly adapted to remove speedily all Coughs and Colds, and equally effective in the primary stages of Consumption, Asthma, and Bronchitis.

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A WORD TO OUR READERS.

There is not a home in the country that would not be brightened and made more beautiful by the magnificent companion pictures offered as a premium by THE POST.

They represent, in the highest and most perfect style of pictorial art, "COLUMBUS AT THE COURT OF FERDINAND AND ISABELLA," of which the original is owned by the Metropolitan Museum of Art, N. Y., and "THE LANDING OF COLUMBUS," original in the rotunda of the Capitol at Washington. These Pictures (size 21x28 inches each) are genuine oleographs in beautiful colors, printed on the thickest canvas paper and have the appearance of Oil Paintings, and certainly far surpass anything ever offered in this line. In all the history of art in this country there have never been offered to the public two such grand, artistic, and at the same time patriotic productions.

They are charming as works of art, educational, and, relating as they do to the discovery of our land, possess an all-round interest that makes them both desirable now and valuable as future mementoes and souvenirs. As a memorial of 1892—the year of the four-hundredth anniversary of Columbus landing upon our shores—these pictures would not only be objects of beauty and admiration to the present generation, but also of regard and love in the eyes of those to come. No true Americans who love their country should be without these splendid art works in their homes.

Both pictures are sent to all who send $2.00 for a year's subscription in advance.

Merry and Wise.

We all have trials, but it is certain that good temper and cheerfulness will make us bear them more easily than any thing else.

"Temper," said one of our bishops, "is nine-tenths of Christianity."

We do not live now in the middle ages. We cannot think that the sect of Flagellants who whipped themselves till the blood ran into their shoes and pulled uncommonly long faces were the best masters of philosophy.

"True Godliness is cheerful as the day," wrote Cowper, himself melancholy mad enough, and we are to remember that the precept of the Founder of our faith, that when we fast we are to anoint our countenances and not to seem to fast, enjoins a certain liveliness of face.

Sydney Smith, when a poor curate at Foster-le-Clay, a dreary desolate place, wrote, "I am resolved to like it, and to reconcile myself to it, which is more manly than to fancy myself above it, and to send up complaints by the post of being thrown away or being desolate, and such like trash."

And he acted up to this, said his prayers, made his jokes, did his duty, and, upon fine mornings, used to draw up the blinds of his parlor, open the window, and "glorify the room," as he called the operation, with sunshine.

But all the sunshine without was nothing to the sunshine within the heart. It was that which made him go through life so bravely and so well; it is that, too, which renders his life a lesson to us all.

We must also remember that the career of a poor curate is not the most brilliant in the world. That of an apprentice boy has more fun in it, that of a milliner's girl has more merriment and fewer depressing circumstances. To hear always the same mistrust of Providence, to see poverty, and to observe all kinds of trial and to witness death-bed scenes—this is not the most enlivening course of existence, even if a clergyman be a man of mark and of station.

But there was one whose station was not honored, but even by some despised, and who had sorer trials than Sydney Smith. His name is well known in literature; and his writings and his example still teach us in religion. This was Robert Hall, a professor of a sombre creed in a sombre flat country, as flat and "deadly-lively," as they say, as need be.

To add to difficulties and troubles, the minister was plagued with about as painful an illness as falls to the lot of humanity to bear. He had fought with infidelity and doubt, he had refused promotion, because he would do his duty where it had pleased God to place him; next, he had to show how well he could bear pain.

In all his trials he had been cheerful, forcible, natural and straightforward. In this deep one he preserved the same character. Forced to throw himself down and writhe upon the floor in his paroxysms of pain, as he rose up livid with exhaustion, and with the sweat of anguish on his brow, he would ask bravely, "But I did not murmur, did I? I hope I did not murmur." In the whole library of brave anecdote there is no tale of heroism which, to us, beats that.

All whole-hearted peoples have been lively and bustling, noisy almost in their progress, pushing, energetic, broad in shoulder, strong in lung, loud in voice, of free brave color, bold look and bright eyes. They are the cheerful people in the world, and soon pass in the war of progress the more quiet and gloomy of their fellows. That some of this cheerfulness may be simply animal is true; and that a man may be a dullard, and yet sit and "grin like a Cheshire cat;" but we are not speaking of grinning.

Laughter is all very well; is a healthy, joyous, natural impulse; the true mark of superiority between man and beast, for no inferior animal laughs; but we are not writing of laughter, but of that continued even tone of spirits, which lies in the middle zone between frantic merriment and excessive despondency.

Cheerfulness arises from various causes: from health; but it is not dependent upon health;—from good fortune; but it does not arise solely from that;—from honor, and position, and a tickled pride and vanity; but, as we have seen, it is quite independent of these.

The truth is, it is a brave habit of the mind; a prime proof of wisdom; capable of being acquired, and of the very greatest value not only to one's-self, but the whole world besides.

A cheerful man is pre-eminently a useful man. He does not cramp his mind, nor take half views of men and things. He knows that there is much misery, but that misery is not the rule of life. He sees that in every state people may be cheerful; that lambs skip, birds sing and fly joyously, puppies play, kittens are full of joyance, the whole air full of careering and rejoicing insects, that everywhere the good outbalances the bad, and that every evil that there is has its compensating balm.

Then the brave man, as our German cousins say, possesses the world, whereas the melancholy man does not even possess his own share of it.

Exercise, or continued employment of some kind, will make a man cheerful; but sitting at home, brooding and thinking, or doing little, will bring gloom.

We can all cultivate our tempers, and one of the employments of some poor mortals is to cultivate, cherish, and bring to perfection a thoroughly bad temper; but we may be certain that to do so is a very gross error and sin, which, like others, brings its own punishment, but unfortunately it does not only punish itself. If he "to whom God is pleasant is pleasant to God;" the reverse also holds good, and certainly the major proposition is true with regard to man.

There is ever sunshine somewhere; and the brave man will go on his way rejoicing, content to look forward, if under a cloud, not bating one jot of heart or hope if for a moment cast down; honoring his occupation whatever it may be; rendering even rags respectable by the way he wears them; and not only being happy himself, but causing the happiness of others.

NO one who has looked into life with honest eyes can have failed to discover that it derives untold values from the love which welcomes its dawn, attends its growth, and advances step by step and soothes and cheers its old age. Human love is itself a pearl of great price. In young hearts it is a transforming gladness, an awakening to the responsibility and to the rapture of life. In manhood and womanhood it is the balm of care, a refuge in temptation, and a source of serenity.

A LIE is not necessarily an untruth at all. It may be merely an overstatement of truth, or putting an emphasis in the wrong place. A bent mirror is as really a mirror as if it were a plane surface, yet it lies to every man who walks before it, making him think himself a son of Anak. You may construct a falsehood out of any truth whatsoever by twisting it a trifle out of shape.

ONE of the most agreeable consequences of knowledge is the respect and importance which it communicates to old age. Men rise in character often as they increase in years; they are venerable from what they have acquired, and pleasing from what they can impart.

WHEN you make a mistake don't look back on it long. Take the reason of the thing into your own mind, and then look forward. Mistakes are lessons of wisdom. The past cannot be changed, but the future is yet in your power.

MEN sometimes affect to deny the depravity of our race; but it is as clearly taught in the lawyer's office and in the court of justice as in the Bible itself.

THERE is no exception to the rule of three. As your income is to your expenditure, so will the amount of your debts be to your cash in pocket.

A MAN who is not at heart ashamed of himself need not be ashamed of his early condition in life.

CONFIDENTIAL CORRESPONDENTS.

SYLVIA.—A "hand" in horse measurement is four inches.

VINOT-ET-UN.—Smoking hurts some people and seems to do others good. Everyone must settle the question of its benefiting him for himself. What is one man's meat is another man's poison, you know.

LADY-HELP.—China which has been lying aside and got smoked can be cleansed by rubbing salt on it when washing it. This will effectually remove the smoke stain, without hurting either the colors or the glaze.

DORRIS.—

"Though the mills of God grind slowly, yet they grind exceeding small,"

is from Longfellow's translation of a poem from the German of Friedrich von Logau.

FREDERICKA M.—The word trousseau means literally a bundle. A bride's bundle consists of her clothes and personal ornaments; and hence we use the word trousseau to express the bride's wardrobe and jewelry.

NORAH.—You have acted well. There are some conceited apes of young fellows who beg young girl's portraits, and then brag of their conquests. Avoid all such as you would poison. Your swain seems to us to be one of these.

PROSPERITY.—If a man chooses to address his wife's parents as father and mother, and it is agreeable to them to have him do so, there is nothing improper in it. There is no question of right or wrong involved in the matter.

RADICAL.—The word aristocracy comes from two Greek terms which mean best and strength, and it originally meant a governing body composed of the very choicest men in the state. It now means what are called the nobility of a country.

L. G.—The longest verse in the Bible is the 9th verse of the 8th chapter of Esther, which contains ninety words, and four hundred and twenty-six letters. The shortest verse is the 35th verse of the 11th chapter of St. John, containing two words and nine letters.

MAIDEN.—When a young lady thinks a man loves her, but is not certain of it, and wants to know just how he does feel towards her, she should patiently await further developments, in the meantime employing such suddenly tact as she may possess to bring the dilatory creature's sentiments to a focus.

GITANO.—The poor gipsies are most ignorant and degraded, and their gift of prophecy is all moonshine. The women have one great virtue; they are personally among the most chaste in the world. Thus linked with one virtue and a thousand crimes, the gipsies will still live on till finally absorbed in the larger populations.

BETH.—To detect chicory in coffee, place a spoonful of ground coffee gently on the surface of a glass of cold water. The pure coffee will float for some time, and scarcely color the water; the chicory, if any be present, rapidly absorbs the water, and sinks to the bottom, communicating a deep reddish-brown tint as it falls.

FATHER.—You may improve the memory and other faculties of your children by setting before them riddles for solution. Riddles have been a favorite source of amusement and instruction from the earliest ages, and ancient authors constantly allude to them, and dilate on the rewards and honors bestowed on the successful solvers; an example which you might follow by rewarding your children.

PRETTY.—Feather-eating in parrots is usually incurable; but good often follows turning the bird into a comfortable place—an empty room, for instance, where it has space to sport, and, above all, things to gnaw at, such as a bit of half-rotten wood. No stimulating food should be given, but plain canary or sunflower seed, oats, barley or Indian corn, with a very little hemp; groundsel and lettuce are also excellent.

ANXIOUS.—A substitute for liquor for those endeavoring to reform, is made of five grains of sulphate of iron, ten grains of magnesia, eleven grains of peppermint water, and one dram of spirits of nutmeg. It may be administered twice a day. It acts as a tonic and stimulant, and so partially supplies the place of the accustomed drink, and prevents that complete physical and moral prostration that follows a sudden breaking off from all alcoholic potations.

ROSE CHRISTABEL.—It is only a mind diseased that can discover any attraction in the horrible; and it is only the lowest of the low, whatever may be the style of their costume, who attend at public executions. As the appetite may be pampered, and the digestive powers injured by over-indulgence, so may the mind be weakened by a slothful surrender to hideous fascinations. The remedy is in firmness, and seeking a refuge from the temptation of disordered fancies in healthful studies, and an exact performance of the duties of life.

TITA.—The reason a person sinks in quicksand is because the latter is composed chiefly of small particles of mica mixed largely with water. The mica is so smooth that the fragments slip upon each other with the greatest facility, so that any heavy body which displaces them will sink, and continue to sink until a solid bottom is reached. When particles of sand are ragged and angular, any weight pressing on them will crowd them together until they are compacted into a solid mass. A sand composed of mica or soapstone when mixed with sufficient water, seems incapable of such consolidation.

SMILE AND TEAR.

BY S. U. W.

Twin weapons they,
Which in the fray
Had never known defeat.
A smile or tear
Alike I fear,
And always beat retreat.

A woman's smile
Will oft beguile
The sterner sex austere.
But should that prove
A faulty move
Just let her drop a tear!

A Jungle Legend.

BY T. R. MALTBY.

I HAD long been looking forward to my Christmas holidays of the year 188—, as I saw my way to revisiting a favorite hunting ground, in hills where, in years gone by, I had often enjoyed the delightful recreation of sambur stalking.

As I expected to be in camp about ten days, and as I am not one of those who hold that good sport can only be obtained at the sacrifice of all, or nearly all, the creature comforts of civilization, I had provided myself with all necessary camp comforts for myself and followers, not forgetting the orthodox "fixings" for my Christmas dinner.

Behold me, therefore, seated at the door of my hut (tents are hardly ever necessary on these hills) looking out on to the night of the "feast of Stephen," like good King Wenceslaus of old, but, I fear, without the charitable thoughts of that amiable monarch.

A bright moon is shining in a clear sky; a roaring fire and an ulster counteract the chilliness of what little land wind there is; my cheroot is well under weigh; my camp is in a well-chosen, picturesque spot, in a deep gully, at the junction of two sparkling streams, with a few trees overhead; the sambur may be heard belling—but, hold! this is just what cannot be heard, and therein lies all the mischief; the few days I had already been in camp had been sufficient to convince me that the one thing most necessary to insure the success of the expedition, viz., game, was conspicuous by its absence.

"Boy, tell old Soonderapandi I want to speak to him."

In due course the old fellow turned up, wrapped in his cumbly (blanket), and stood staring into the fire, gently rubbing one leg against the other, after the manner of the contemplative native.

We were friends of many years' standing, this dried-up old savage and I, and had been able to do each other a good turn every now and again; my favors had taken the form of protecting him and his from the avarice of my forest subordinates; while he had put me up more than one wrinkle in woodcraft, and had stood by me like a man at a pinch when desertion would have left me in a very awkward fix.

"Well, Soonderapandi," I said, "this a bad business; with the exception of that one hind, not a head of game to be seen, and hardly a track less than ten days old. How do you account for it?"

"The wild dogs, Dorai (master)," he replied.

"But," I objected, "the wild dogs do not appear to me to be sufficient to account for so sudden a disappearance of all the game; we have been over a good deal of the ground, and have seen two or three of the pools, and there is not a carcase to be seen; we must surely have come across some carcases if the wild dogs had been playing havoc with the game."

To this argument I received no reply, and, to judge by the old fellow's stolid look, it made but little impression on him.

"I understood from the peon whom I intrusted with my message to you that you had sent some of your people up here within the last three weeks, and they reported as much game as ever."

"That was true, Dorai, except that I did not send any one up. I came myself, and there were sings to be seen all over the place."

I smoked on in silence for some time, and Soonderapandi might, to all appearance, have forgotten what he was talking about; presently, however, he asked: "Did Dorai notice anything strange about the wild dogs we saw chasing the hind today?"

"Well, at first I thought they were enormous, but then I saw that I had been mistaken as to the size of the hind, and that she was not full-grown, but only a young one."

"Dorai was not mistaken about the size of the hind; she was full-grown; I ascertained that when I crossed the swamp and saw her track."

"Then how big were the dog's tracks? As big as a tiger's, eh?"

"If Dorai laughs at me how can I tell what I know?"

"All right, Soonderapandi; I won't laugh at you, so fire away."

"The dogs left no tracks."

Whew! Now I'm in for it! "Here, boy, bring the cheroot."—"Now, Soonderapandi, help yourself, and then tell me all you know about those dogs."

"Hurry no man's cattle," is an excellent motto, and one that should be borne in mind when getting information from a hillman, as his brain is a sorry steer which requires coaxing but will not be driven.

So while Soonperapandi is tearing off a hunch from one of my cheroots, and reducing it to the required state of pulp, I shall have plenty of time to acquaint the reader with the details of the wild-dog incident referred to.

I had been in camp some days, and we had been wandering fruitlessly about in search of game, but finding none, not even any tracks under ten days old.

In the afternoon of the day of which I am writing I had thrown myself down in disgust under the shade of some bushes on the side of a long ravine, narrow and steep at the top end, and gradually widening out lower down; there was a large sholah (detached jungle) at the bottom, and altogether the place looked like the picture of a "sure find" for sambur.

I told Soonderapandi to go round the head of the ravine, where there was a small pool, and up the opposite hill, which overlooked another good bit of country, to see if he could see anything.

Meanwhile the coolie with the tiffin basket improved the occasion by curling himself up and going sound asleep.

Soonderapandi trudged off, and I watched him climb laboriously up the opposite hill and disappear over the top. He had been gone about twenty minutes, when suddenly a hind sambur came round a bend of the hill he was on, about a quarter of a mile to the west.

Almost as soon as the sambur came into sight a red object appeared, which at the first glance I took for a tiger, but soon saw a couple of wild dogs running close together, a little above and almost on even terms with the hind; soon afterwards four more dogs appeared in couples, two a little below and to the rear of the hind, and two following on her tracks.

I got out my glass and watched the chase, and my attention was soon attracted to some very unusual features it presented. In the first place, the dogs appeared to be half as large again as the largest I had ever seen before; I didn't think so much of this at the time, as wild dogs vary considerably in size, a fact which has led to much dispute among sportsmen and naturalists as to whether there is more than one variety; and moreover at such a distance I thought I had probably misjudged the size of the sambur.

In the next place, all the dogs looked patriarchs, gaunt and grizzled; there was not a youngster among them. Then it was clear that the chase had been going on for some time, and though the hind was very beat the dogs were going as easily as possible.

I expected every moment to see one of them canter up to her and seize her by the loose skin of the groin, which is usually the first point of a wild dog's attack (it is not, I fancy, till the victim is at bay for the time that the eyes are torn out), but no such thing happened.

I looked the hind carefully over with my glass, but could not see a sign of injury anywhere about her.

The hind was evidently heading for the pool at the top of the ravine, and the only way that I could account for the mysterious behavior of the wild dogs was by supposing that, knowing they had their victim at their mercy, they intended to pull her down at their leisure when she came to bay in the shallow pool, rather than run the risk of an unnecessary kick or two from her sharp hoofs if they attacked her as she was going.

Perhaps the sybarites thought some liquor with their feast might not be a bad thing.

By the time I had made these observations the chase had come nearly opposite, and it was high time for me to be making a move if I wanted to be in at the death, which I did very much—of the wild dogs.

The coolie snored peacefully on and I took good care not to disturb him, but got hold of my Express and 10-bore smooth-bore, put two hollow-fronted bullets into the former and two charges of B B into the latter, and with one in each hand made straight for the pool.

I had no fear of being seen as the hind and wild dogs were much too intent on each other to be likely to notice me at such a distance.

I had not gone far when Soonderapandi suddenly appeared on the sky-line, a little above the line the hunt must take; he had not seen what was going on but had seen me, and evidently thought something was up, as he was standing still watching me. I held up my hand and he dropped out of sight into the grass like a well-known setter.

A few moments sufficed to bring me under the shelter of some large stones within about thirty yards of the pool, and I had not long to wait before the hind came round the bend with the dogs close on her at full cry, if such a term can be applied to a pack running absolutely mute!

The hind did not make for the water as I expected she would, but floundered somewhat in the mud near the edge.

"Now," I thought, "they will pull her down;" but to my amazement she was allowed to recover herself, and before I had got over my astonishment she and four of the dogs had disappeared round the corner.

I pulled myself together in time to fire rather a hurried shot at one of the last pair of dogs, and saw my bullet kick up the dust just beyond him; had it been a solid bullet I should have thought it had gone through him, but as it was a hollow-fronted one and the dog made no sign I concluded I had missed.

I ran after them in hopes of another shot, but the ground was broken and I saw no more of them.

When I returned Soonderapandi was sitting on the stone I had just left, apparently buried in thought.

"Well, Soonderapandi, that was a bad business," I said, alluding to my having let all the wild dogs go, when I had confidently hoped to account for four of the destructive brutes at least.

"A very bad business," he agreed; but it will be seen that his thoughts were running in a very different direction.

We returned to the coolie with the tiffin basket; he was still slumbering peacefully and talking in his sleep. I caught the words "chuckram" (the coin of the country) and "aren" (rice). I dispelled the sweet vision with the butt end of my rifle and we all trudged disconsolately back to camp.

* * * * * *

"Now, Soonderapandi, if you are ready to tell me all you know about those wild dogs I am ready to listen."

"Does Dorai recollect one day last year, when we were out shooting on the cliff to the south, saying that far bit of jungle would do well for tea, and you would recommend some of your friends to apply for it if only it were nearer to a road?"

"I remember perfectly; you mean that valley with the grass hills above it to the east; well—what about it?"

"Does Dorai think that is virgin forest or kartal (secondary growth)?"

"Well, I should have said it was virgin forest."

"It isn't, then; it is kartal, and I can tell you who cultivated it; it was cultivated by my people in the time of my great-grandfather. During that time the bamboo was in seed, and it has seeded twice since then."

"Hold on, Soonderapandi; I must think over that." And here I made a mental calculation. The bamboo is popularly supposed to seed once in seventy years, and it last seeded towards the end of the great famine—say 1777 to 1779—so this would put the date when this forest was under cultivation at about 1737 to 1739. "All right; now go on;"

"Our people did not cultivate it for themselves, but for a Dorai; he was not an Englishman, but a Vendise Dorai (Dutchman). At first he was very kind to our people; he used to shoot lots of game with his long gun, and the land gave good crops. One day he caught some fish out of the sacred pool at the pagoda; my great grandfather warned him not to do so, and said if he did that Iapen (the god of the jungle) would be very angry. But the Dorai said he didn't care for Iapen and would do what he liked.

"That night Iapen appeared to him and cursed him, telling him that if he didn't leave the jungles at once he would never leave them at all. The Dorai was a brave man and paid no heed to Iapen's threat.

"From that time the crops began to fail off, and the jungle, which before had been quite healthy, got feverish; many of our people, who stopped to work for the Dorai, died. At last he was left quite alone and had to abandon the clearings, and they have never been cultivated since.

"From this time the Dorai lived on those grass hills in the middle of the jungle. For some time he got on all right there; as there were plenty of sambur, but at last he got tired of living all alone and tried to come away. But a man cannot leave those hills without travelling two or three days through forest, and whenever the Dorai tried to come away, he got such a bad attack of fever the first night that he had to go back again—so he has lived there ever since."

"What!" I exclaimed, "do you mean to say he is there now?"

"Yes, he is there now, and that is why there are no sambur here." I didn't quite see the connection, but thought it best to say as little as possible, and let the old fellow tell his story in his own way.

"He had killed nearly all the sambur, and was getting in a very bad way when, one night, Iapen appeared to him again, and said, 'I want you to help me; I am in trouble; and if you do what I wish I will take off part of your punishment and will help you.' The Dorai replied, 'If I help you will you let me get through that cursed jungle and get away?' Iapen said, 'No, certainly not, because I may want your assistance again; but this I will do: I will give you the means of getting enough to eat and drink always.' The Dorai would not agree to this at first; but finding that Iapen was resolved, and knowing that his supply of powder was getting low, he thought it best to give in, and asked what he was required to do.

"Iapen said, 'On those grass hills away to the north there is a path leading to my pagoda, which is haunted by a man-eating tiger that has come up from the plains. He has killed so many of the pilgrims on their way to my shrine that none now dare come. I want you to kill that tiger, if you will try to do so I will let you pass through the jungle without fear, but when you have done so you must return here. You see that pointed hill? That is to the north of the path; you must not go beyond that hill, nor must you cross a large river there is to the east. If you attempt to get away it will be the worse for you. Beware!' Iapen began to vanish, but the Dorai called out him, 'Suppose I do what you wish, how will you provide me with food?' 'That is my business,' said Iapen, and vanished."

Here Soonderapandi gave me a long-winded account of how the Dutchman slew the tiger, with which I will not weary my readers, but will let him take up his story from the point where it more nearly concerns this legend.

"Having killed the tiger and finding himself safe beyond the dreaded jungle, the Dorai determined to break faith with Iapen and return to his own country.

"With this idea he got up early in the morning, packed up the tiger skin and the rest of his belongings and started off along the path that leads to the north. He had gone some two or three miles, and was just beginning to think he had escaped, when he saw six wild dogs on the path before him. He expected them to fly at his approach, but instead of that they came towards him, snarling and showing their teeth. He tried to frighten them away and fired a shot, but at this they became furious and rushed at him, and he had to run before them along the path by which he had been traveling. He expected every minute to be torn in pieces, but when he at last found time to look round he found, to his surprise and relief, that the dogs, though following him leisurely, had apparently given up all idea of attacking him.

"When the Dorai came to a spot where a second path crossed the one he was on he struck off to the east; no sooner had he done so than two of the wild dogs instantly rushed at him, and, hunting him back to the path he had left, compelled him to continue his journey southward. Twice again did he try to leave the path, but each time he was brought back in the same way, and finally forced to return to his camp beyond the jungle, the one in which he had lived before Iapen sent him to kill the tiger. When they had done their work the pack disappeared into the jungle.

"Utterly wearied and disheartened the Dorai threw himself down on his bed of grass, and was soon sound asleep. During the night Iapen again appeared to him: 'Ha! ha!' said he, 'you thought you could trick the god of the jungle, even if you could not defy him. Now you must see you are in my power. Hear your doom, and be thankful it is no worse. Here you shall remain ready to obey my orders whenever I may have need of your miserable services. But that you may not

starve, poor wretch, the birds, beasts, fish and fruit of the jungle shall be yours. The wild dogs that so lately hunted you shall now hunt for you, and bring you the game you cannot seek yourself.'

"So spoke Iapen, and here the story ends. Dorai will now understand why he did not kill the dog he fired at to-day, and why the hind was not pulled down. Those were no ordinary dogs, but the pack that Iapen allows to hunt for the Dutch Dorai, and when the game where he is runs short, they come over here and drive the sambur across the jungle to him."

"Well, Soonderapandi," I said, "that is a very wonderful story and fully accounts for everything; but the point is, what is to be done? If, as you says, the good gentleman has been poaching on our preserves, I don't see why we should not go and do a little poaching on his. What do you say?"

"For myself I have no fear. Iapen is kind to us children of the jungle, but the fever may kill Dorai."

"Oh! I'll chance that," I said, and so the matter was settled. It would never do for us forest officers to be over-cautious about fever.

It was clearly of no use to remain where we were, and the game might, as Soonderapandi supposed, have migrated to the grass hills in the middle of the jungle. In any case, game or no game, we should be going over ground hitherto unexplored by Europeans, barring of course Soonderapandi's mythical friend, the Dutchman.

Finally, my curiosity (or shall I confess it? my superstition) was just the least bit piqued by the strange story I had just heard told with such childlike faith and simplicity, and which had apparently received a certain amount of confirmation from the incident which had come under my own observation that very afternoon.

Accordingly, on the following morning, we made an early start, my loads having been made as light as possible, everything that was not absolutely necessary being left in camp, in charge of a peon.

The greater part of the day was spent in marching. Our route lay most of the way through virgin forest, along wide paths kept open by generations of elephants.

Here and there a little clearing had to be done, and occasional halts had to be made to allow the coolies to rest, and rid themselves of the leeches, which attacked them in scores.

Right glad were we all when, at about four o'clock, we emerged on to the grass land, and knew that our troubles were over for the time.

There was no occasion to hunt about for a suitable camping-ground; there, before our eyes, was a spot hard to beat—a flat piece of grass land, with jungle on three sides of it, and a lovely river on the fourth; immediately in front of us a long stretch of fordable shallows, with dark, deep, sluggish pools at either end.

Beyond the river the hills rose somewhat abruptly, and were covered for the most part with grass, broken by occasional sholahs.

A spot more pleasing to the eye of the sportsman I have seldom seen, and I stood looking round me in rapture.

"Well, Soonderapandi," I said, "if there isn't game here, I don't know where to look for it."

"There is game here," he replied. "Look, Dorai, look!"

I looked where he pointed, and, about half-way up the nearest slope, saw the heads of three hind sambur.

They stood gazing at us for some time, and then, not altogether liking our appearance, moved slowly off, every now and then casting uneasy glances at us, till they got nearly out of sight, then they broke into a smart canter and disappeared.

I made up my mind that it would be best to give up all idea of shooting that afternoon, as there was plenty of work to be done in camp, and the hillmen would be all the better for a little rest.

Moreover, it needed not Soonderapandi's assurance to tell me that there were fish worth taking in the river before me, so I put my rod together without loss of time. I set a coolie to work to dig for worms, and a couple of hillmen to collect crabs.

In the meantime I reflected that I might well hope to impose upon the inexperience of the mahseer of this particular stream by offering them the tempting little spoons made by Mr. Luscombe, of Allahabad. I commenced operations at the deep pool below the shallows.

Standing on a rock at the upper end of the pool, I cast down stream and hauled the spoon gently up. My first few casts were unsuccessful, but before long there was a shriek from my reel, my rod bent nearly double, and a mahseer was sailing down stream at his best pace.

The fish was not a large one—about nine pounds; but, with the light tod and tackle I was using, he gave me plenty to do to keep him in hand; but skill and experience triumphed over brute force, and he was eventually brought, flapping feebly, into a convenient shallow, and landed. I continued to have good sport, and by sunset had provided an excellent fish dinner for every one in camp.

The first glimmer of dawn saw us on the move, and by the time it was light enough to distinguish distant objects we had gained the top of the first hill. Fresh signs of sambur were apparent at almost every step, and no sooner had we begun to look round in earnest than we sighted game. On some distant cliffs the quick eye of one of the younger hillmen detected a herd of Neilgherry wild goats, among which I, with the assistance of my telescope, made out a patriarchal "saddle-back." We were just discussing the best way to get at these, when the horns and head of a magnificent stag sambur appeared out of some long grass in the ravine below us. He had evidently no suspicion of our presence, but was making his way slowly down towards a large sholah.

There was no time to be lost, and, as I was new to the ground, I decided to try a longish shot from where I was, rather than risk spoiling my chance by trying to get nearer. Waiting till an opening in the grass gave me a clear shot at his shoulder, I fired, and the satisfaction of seeing the stag roll over; but he recovered himself immediately, and bounded through the grass and into the sholah. My second barrel, a snap shot, missed. The grass being unusually high and thick, it took us some time to get down to the point where he had disappeared, but when there we were gladdened by the sight of a profuse blood trail.

While we were following up the trail we heard some large animal crash away at a considerable distance ahead of us. This struck me at the time as somewhat strange as, if the stag were hard hit, he would in all probability allow us to get fairly close before rushing off in that way; and an unwounded, or slightly-wounded animal, disturb at such a distance, would have gone off more quietly.

The blood trail took us down to the very spot from which the sound had seemed to come, and there we found that the stag had lain down and had sprung up from his couch and gone off at full gallop. From all this we concluded that it was not we who had disturbed him. When we came to the open we heard the peculiar cry of wild dogs some little way ahead, and saw the stag laboring along through the grass, with every now and then a little red object appearing close to him.

I was about about to follow at my best pace, when Soonderapandi stopped me, saying he knew the exact pool for which the stag was heading, and could take me to it by a short cut. We accordingly left the track of the stag and wild dogs and breasted the ridge in front of us. In my eagerness I got ahead, and, when about half-way up hill, had to stop to recover my wind and give the others time to catch me up. While I was waiting, the hillmen paused to examine something on the ground. "What is it?" I called out. "A man's track in boots," they replied. "Well, come on," I said. I really couldn't waste precious time by going down to look at a track, which would probably have turned out to be my own. We soon got to the top of the ridge, and were at once rewarded by as wild and picturesque a sight as it had ever been my lot to behold.

In the valley below us rushed a wild mountain stream: at one point it made a sudden leap over a sheer precipice of one hundred feet, into a deep, dark pool. Near the edge of the pool, where the water was shallow, stood the stag at bay, wavelets lapping round the flanks. He had his back to the cascade, so that to attack him from the rear, a wild dog would have to swim the seething waters at the foot of it. Six large wild dogs were on the level shingle at the margin of the pool, some lying down and some walking leisurely about, waiting, doubtless, till the stag should sink from exhaustion.

It was obvious that the game, so far as the poor stag was concerned, was played out. I therefore took plenty of time to consider what was to be done, and, getting out my glass, took a careful survey of the lie of the land. I saw that, in the immediate rear of the wild dogs, there was a ridge of broken ground and boulders, one high flat stone in particular overlooking the dogs. I thought if I could but gain the top of this unperceived, I could hardly fail to make an example of a couple of them before giving the wounded stag the coup de grace.

I explained my plan to Soonderapandi; he said, "As Dorai pleases, but he will never shoot those wild dogs." "I'll see about that," I said, and down we went. We kept out of sight without difficulty till we got to the broken ground before mentioned, and then began to make carefully for our point. The stream was making such a noise that there was but little fear of our being heard, and what little there was was favorable. At a point about fifty yards from the rock I was able to take a cautious peep at the scene; there were the stag and dogs in much about the same position as I had last seen them. The last fifty yards were done with the utmost caution; as I stepped on to the flat rock I cocked both hammers of my rifle, meaning to give the wild dogs a right and left before they could move. I stepped quickly forward—not a dog was to be seen! but loud above the roar of the waterfall there broke the most fiendish peal of cackling laughter that ever it has been my lot to hear. At the same moment I caught sight of the huge figure of a man, standing up to his knees in the pool, alongside of the wounded stag!

I must admit that for the first moment or two I was quite staggered; but a second glance showed me that my rival hunter was nothing more nor less than my own shadow on the waterfall. The stag showed his power of discriminating between the shadow and the substance by making the best of his way out of the pool and down the glen; but by this time I had pulled myself together, and an Express bullet that I had intended for a wild dog laid him low.

Not another glimpse of the wild dogs did I get. Of course, in a ravine such as I have described, the ground is necessarily very broken, but it seems strange that six wild dogs should have disappeared so completely as these did. The stag, at any rate, was no phantom, which was a comfort, there he lay in very substantial flesh, and with horns (43inches) such as are seldom seen.

I sent one of the hillmen back to camp with the head, and told him to have the meat taken in. I, with the others, went on in search of further sport, and met with fair success, but not of sufficiently interesting a nature as to warrant a description of it.

I returned to camp soon after dark, very ready for the sumptuous repast my chef had thought fit to prepare for me. It began, I have cause to remember, with tinned lobster, passed through one or two fairly innocent courses to fried plum pudding, thence to what my boys calls "rumkind" (ramaquin) toast, and finished up with sambur marrow bones. I felt very much inclined to turn in directly after dinner, but prudence prompted me to give such a repast time to settle. I therefore got one seat of my longest Trichy cheroots, wrapped myself up in my ulster, put down the of my hammock-chair to the most comfortable angle, while my boy considerately placed a cup of cafe noir and a bottle of whiskey within easy reach, and replenished the wood fire that was burning a couple of yards from the door of the hut. Altogether I felt extremely comfortable and at peace with myself and the world.

I suppose I must have been in this blissful state for about twenty minutes when I was disturbed by the sudden appearance of my boy, with a scared, perplexed face. "One sahib done come to see master," he said. "A sahib?" I exclaimed. "What sahib can there be here?" "Dunno, sar; I didn't see this kind sahib before." At this point the sahib set all doubt on the subject at rest by pushing past the boy, who promptly retired to the kitchen hut.

My visitor was one of the most extraordinary figures I ever beheld. To begin with his head: he wore a battered wide-awake hat set rather on one side; his face was coarse-featured, but his bright eyes, determined mouth and general appearance of perfect health made him almost handsome. The hair of his head and beard were snow-white and flowed in an unbroken mass over his chest and shoulders. His height approached six feet, his shoulders were broad, and he looked in condition to fight or run for his life, as occasion required. His clothes were a coarse shirt and trousers, about which I noticed nothing in particular. His feet were protected by stout boots.

The reader will have guessed by this time that my visitor was none other than the Dutchman of Soonderapandi's tale.

"Take a seat, sir. You will find a box by the door there."

"What can I do for you?" I began.

"You can do much for me," he replied, and then paused while his eye wandered round the hut, and finally rested on my cup of coffee. I handed it him. "I've not touched it," I said. He took it eagerly, and sipped it slowly and longingly, as though he would not waste a drop; when he had got through about half he caught sight of the whiskey bottle. "May I have some of that?" he asked. "Certainly; help yourself." He did so, filling up his coffee cup with whiskey.

The generous fluid soon began to tell, and within an hour I had heard his story from himself; it tallied for the most part with Soonderapandi's tale. For me to tell him all he wanted to know about the world from which he had been so long cut off was a matter of impossibility, but I did my best, and the small hours of the morning found us still talking.

Every now and then the appearance of my visitor puzzled me greatly. At times I could hardly get over the idea that I was in conversation with my own shadow as I had seen it that morning against the waterfall; then a change would come, and the Dutchman in his substantial form was before me.

When we got on the subject of the improvement in fire-arms my visitor was intensely interested; so I got up and showed him my Express rifle, explained its action, and told him the distance at which one might reasonably expect to kill. He was delighted when I showed him my cartridge bag and cartridges; he put the bag on and kept slipping one or two in and out of the breach till he thoroughly understood the working.

"But," he remarked, "in this bag you have only some twenty cartridges. What will you do when these are finished?"

"Oh," I said, "I have enough to last me a long time yet in that leather case by your elbow. And now," I continued, "I want to ask you a question. Where did you get those boots, in which I understand you have been tramping these hills for the last hundred-and-fifty years or so?"

He gave me the name of a firm in Rotterdam, and I was making a careful note of it when I happened to look up, and saw my visitor with his fist clenched in the act of striking! Instinctively I threw back my head, but his arm seemed to lengthen like a telescope and he caught me fairly between the eyes. Down I went like a ninepin, while a first-class pyrotechnic display illuminated the hut. I recovered myself just in time to see my friend rush off into the darkness with rifle, cartridge bag and leather case!

* * * * * *

"Master please must go to bed; it getting too much late," said my boy, as he shook me by the shoulder.

"Right you are, boy; so I will." But before turning in, so vivid had been my dream, I couldn't help looking round to assure myself that my beloved rifle had not been carried off by the phantom Dutchman.

THE EFFECTS OF SUPERSTITION.—The Duchess of Angouleme, in the sixteenth century, on wakening one night was surprised by an extraordinary brightness which illuminated her room. At first she thought it was the fire, so she scolded her women for having made so large a one; they assured her, however, it was caused by the moon.

The Duchess ordered her curtains to be undrawn, and discovered that what produced this unusual light was a meteor.

"Ah!" exclaimed she, "this is a phenomenon which never appears to persons of common condition. Shut the window; it is a meteor which announces my departure. I must prepare for death."

The following morning she sent for her lawyer and physicians, and made every arrangement for her approaching dissolution.

The physicians assured her that her apprehensions were ill-founded and premature.

"If I had not," replied she, "seen the signal for death I could believe what you say, for I do not feel myself exhausted or particularly ill."

On the third day after this event she expired—the victim of terror.

Long after her day all appearances of the celestial bodies, not perfectly understood by the multitude, were supposed to indicate the deaths of sovereigns and distinguished persons, or revolutions in governments.

A SERVANT is known by his master's absence.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

Soups furnish a curious instance in which Germany differs from other nations in the preparation of food. Milk soups, sweet and savory, chocolate soups, almond soup and wine soup, frothed lemon soup and beer soup are among the number, while soups made of apples, pears, strawberries, currants and cherries are not uncommon. There are also a large number of fish soups which bear a strong resemblance to the fish soups of the Russian kitchen.

Here is an easy means of determining whether a supposed diamond is genuine or not. Pierce a hole in a card with a needle, and then look at the hole through the stone. If false you will see two holes, but if you have a real diamond, only a single hole will appear. You may also make the test in another way. Put your finger behind the stone and look at it through the diamond as through a magnifying glass. If the stone is genuine, you will be unable to distinguish the grain of the skin, but with a false stone this will be plainly visible. Furthermore, looking through a real diamond, the setting is never visible, whereas it is with a false stone.

On a march infantry will endure the fatigue much better than cavalry, and in a long distance the foot soldiers will outmarch the horsemen. Those who doubt this statement should remember that a horse in army service carries 270 pounds weight, while the soldier carries only his gun and from twenty to forty pounds. Notwithstanding the fact that a ten minutes' halt is made in every hour for stragglers to catch up, cavalry straggle to the rear more than infantry do, and the care of a horse on a long march is a serious matter. The horses are picked animals, but even the best horse is liable to fall lame from the loss of a shoe or a stone in his hoof, or from some other cause which at first may be entirely unperceived by the rider.

Miss A. J. Anderson, matron of the Door of Hope, a charitable institution for girls, found a cent in the street. At that time the Door of Hope was contemplating buying a cemetery lot in which to bury the girls who died while in its care, and Miss Anderson declared that she would consecrate the cent to this cause. She bought an egg and sold the chicken that was hatched from it for a dollar. The dollar was invested in silk, ribbons, cardboard and fancy articles. Out of the cardboard were cut Scripture texts, and the silk was crocheted into little rings, which, with strips of satin sash ribbon, made good photograph holders. The fancy articles were sold at good profits. Now Miss Anderson has nearly $12, and she hopes to have shortly enough money to pay for a centre piece in the cemetery lot, which has been purchased.

"The arguments against the cruel practice of docking horses' tails," says a correspondent, "might meet with more consideration in this Christian land if the gentle dames who countenance the practice were instructed as to the origin of the custom. During the time Warren Hastings was Governor of India, over a century ago, the English were first shocked by encountering this cruel fashion, originated by the savage Tartars in the Thibetian Mountains. So repulsive did it seem to our good Anglo-Saxons that they not only refused to buy horses thus deformed, but actually paid the mountaineers a bounty to induce them to forego the practice. And now, O world of inconsistency, it is England which has persuaded the gentle American to take up, as the height of fashion, this rude and barbarous mode, long since discarded by those mountain savages. Shall we be obliged to import a missionary from the savages to buy us off?"

Deafness Cannot be Cured

by local applications as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that we cannot cure by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c

THE ETIQUETTE OF TO-DAY.

The customs in force in society, in other words, the rules and observances, vary but slightly in the course of each year, and yet somehow it is important to note the variations, and to be au fait with them.

The women in society conform imperceptibly to every innovation, great or small; so much so, that it would be difficult for them to point out any marked difference in the etiquette of to-day and that of five years ago; while those who study the subject are keen to observe any deviation from a rule, and to chronicle when it becomes a custom, revising their works accordingly each year, adding to one rule, taking away from another, and modifying a third.

English people who have lived much abroad, and foreigners who occasionally enter English society, are rather perplexed as to what they should do, or should not do, that which is correct in one capital being often the reverse in another.

For instance, in Paris and in St. Petersburg, a gentleman leaves his card with his Christian and surname upon it, without a prefix; in London this would stamp him as not being in society.

In France, a new-comer calls upon a resident; in England, the old resident would think the new-comer a very odd person, and quite ignorant of the ways of society, were he or she to pay such a visit.

In France, a gentleman hastens to bow to a lady; in England, he waits for recognition for her.

In St. Petersburg, gentlemen kiss the hand of the hostess after a dinner-party, on taking leave; in England, this pretty custom, if followed, would occasion some little surprise.

Etiquette may be styled the machinery of society, but it is not cumbersome, neither is it intricate; and, taking it all in all, there is really very little of it to follow when compared with that of other countries.

We are not alluding to court etiquette, only to that which is acknowledged in society, and this might almost be divided into two sections: Rules, which are stubborn facts; and manners and bearings, which include also sayings and doings.

On those latter points there is much room for difference of opinion or for argument, and even, in some instances, for arbitration, while in others it is all clear sailing.

Precedency is often a rock ahead, and of late it has become even more so, in consequence of the numerous knights that have been made in the different orders of knighthood; indeed, it requires constant reference to the tables of knighthood to decide the difference degrees of precedency to be accorded to each.

That is to say, that a Knight of St. Michael and St. George must not be sent in to dinner before a Knight of the Star of India be sent in before a Knight of the Bath, nor must a Knight Bachelor be sent in before either of those, however popular he may be personally.

As regards the peerage, the precedency due to younger sons of peers and to younger daughters, or to grand-daughters, is sometimes more than is their due on this head, and sometimes less.

It is not easy to discover, in the case of a new acquaintance, who his or her grandfather was, and if the grandfather should have been an earl, no one would willingly deprive a person of the precedency due on this account, but in the case of a married lady slightly known to her hostess, she does not always receive her due in this respect.

The second difficulty is, perhaps, card-leaving, which is so simple and easy to those who know, and yet so intricate to those who do not know.

The same may be said of calling, perhaps in a lesser degree. The hours for both are restricted, but of late great advantage is taken, especially in town and the suburbs, of the privilege of being able to send cards by post instead of leaving them in person.

Being At home on a certain day, or holding so-called "At home" days, is gaining ground in different sets, as it leaves other days of the week free and at a lady's own disposal. Space does not permit of touching on other points equally important in the social gamut, and we have merely been able to allude to a few of the more prominent ones in the etiquette of to-day.

Miss Keedick (to her sister)—"Mr. Linger has been coming to see me for several years, so I told him that if he had anything to say it was time he said it." Miss Margaret—"What was his reply?" Miss Keedick—"The horrid thing said he never was much of a conversationalist."

THE WOMAN'S FIELD OF 1898.

BY MRS. L. C. M.

The field of woman's work of our Mothers was limited, and even at that, poorly occupied. Woman's work of to-day while not limitless is yet sufficiently expansive to render it very possible for an energetic, active, and tactful woman, to obtain highly remunerative employment; her business lot being cast in pleasant lines. To go still further it has been amply demonstrated, that in many pursuits, women effectively take the place of men, crowning with grand success their work. To enumerate the various channels of woman's practical labors would fill a column of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

In general, we have the various professional fields, ably occupied in part by brilliant female invaders, who at first, through disdain of abilities, were repulsed by their brethren of sterner mold, are now made welcome as an adjunct to that which has been tried and not found wanting. Then comes the mercantile field as next in importance in an artistic, and primarily important, in a mercenary way. While it is true that many would begin their labors with a view of artistic advancement, and the acquisition of fame, yet the majority are not averse to acquiring the mighty dollar; in fact, are forced by circumstances, to make that the first consideration in seeking work.

It is then to commercial lines that the principal consideration of our fair readers should be directed. Therein is found both fame and dollars. Therein is found the more easily acquired knowledge sufficient to enable the laborer to prove worthy of her hire, and to rapidly make money.

Stenographic work, clerkships, the various labors attendant upon the manufacture and sale of merchandise, are nowadays capably and remuneratively taken up by ladies, all reaping fair rewards, although to many of these pursuits as subdivided, there is entailed considerable manual and exacting labor.

To all those ladies who have an aptitude and desire for work the best field seems to be the more pleasant one of the selling of light merchandise as offering agreeable and pleasant occupation, while the measure of success depends on the amount of time devoted, and on the selection of goods to be sold. Such articles as woman can sell to woman, from a perfect knowledge of the requirements of their fellowkind, and such as also yield the largest share of profit and from their being almost a feminine necessity, should be selected.

In selling toilet preparations a woman is not only competent to talk its merits, and in the way best calculated to sell it, but she also more readily obtains an interview with woman. This is a twofold inducement for acting as agent for such articles.

Our attention is called to this fact, by reading elsewhere in this issue of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST the liberal offer of a prominent manufacturer of toilet specialties of Phila., a firm whose business standing and honorable methods are guaranteed. Agents, and very wisely, we think, female agents are wanted. This firm wants one or more ladies in every town to act as agents, for the sale of a valuable and well tried toilet preparation, and insuring them very liberal compensation.

Any of our readers possessed of average tact, energy and a desire to make money, can avail themselves of this offer by addressing the firm for details, being assured of courteous treatment, attention and an agency that will soon place them in a fair way to independence, as far as money matters is concerned. To every lady some time or other comes an opportunity like this, but not often where the employment is so agreeable, easily acquired and mastered, and at the same time so remunerative. It remains for the one thus addressed to grasp this opportunity. It costs nothing at least to write for details, and with the honest opinion that women feel better and more independent when making money, than otherwise, we hope that this offer will meet with ready acceptance.

Then again there are many ladies who have made a choice of business, such as Dress-making, Millinery, and similar pursuits, who have already the best of opportunities for the sale of articles of merit, by being constantly thrown in contact with lady customers and friends, who rely upon the statements of the other. To these as an able adjunct in increasing their income, comes the offer of our Phila. friends. They will be wise in investigating, and if satisfactory, or showing a reasonable profit in the sale of the article named, to promptly accept an agency, as it is probable that the offer may not be repeated again, and to those who make first application, the choice territory will be given.

R. R. R.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

The Cheapest and Best Medicine for Family Use in the World.

NEVER FAILS TO RELIEVE

PAIN.

It is the best application for Bruises, Sprains, Cramps, Stiff Joints, Pain in the Chest, Back or Limbs.

It surpasses all other remedies in the wonderful power which it possesses of curing

RHEUMATISM and NEURALGIA.

Thousands have been relieved and cured by using it [illegible] by the application to the part affected of the [illegible] on a cloth; at the same time several drink doses of Radway's Pills will do much to hasten the cure.

CURES AND PREVENTS

Colds, Coughs, Sore Throat, Inflammation, Headache, Toothache, Asthma, Difficult Breathing, Influenza.

The application of the READY RELIEF to the part or parts where the difficulty or pain exists will afford ease and comfort.

INTERNALLY.

From 20 to 60 drops in half a tumbler of water will in a few moments cure Cramps, Spasms, Sour Stomach, Nausea, Vomiting, Heartburn, Sick Headache, Diarrhœa, Colic, Flatulency and all Internal Pains.

MALARIA

Chills and Fever, Fever and Ague Conquered.

There is not a remedial agent in the world that will cure Fever and Ague and all other Malarious, Bilious, and other fevers, aided by RADWAY'S PILLS, so quickly as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

Price 50c. per bottle. Sold by druggists.

BE SURE TO GET RADWAY'S

DR. RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT,

THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER

For the Cure of Chronic Diseases.

A remedy composed of [illegible] vegetable principles, more [illegible] than any other known preparation. Rapid, radical, permanent [illegible] with [illegible] Quick, painless and [illegible] its treatment and cure.

Sold by all Druggists. One Dollar a Bottle.

BE SURE TO GET RADWAY'S.

RADWAY'S PILLS,

An excellent and mild Cathartic. Purely Vegetable. The Safest and Best Medicine in the world for the Cure of all Disorders of the

Liver, Stomach or Bowels.

Perfect digestion will be secured by taking one of Radway's Pills every morning. [illegible]

DYSPEPSIA.

SICK HEADACHE, POOR STOMACH, BILIOUSNESS will [illegible] by taking RADWAY'S PILLS. They [illegible] the [illegible] of the [illegible] and [illegible] the [illegible] of the body.

Symptoms of Dyspepsia arising from [illegible] Disordered Liver, [illegible] Stomach, Nausea, Heartburn, [illegible] Weight in the Stomach, Sour [illegible] Fluttering in the Pit of the Stomach, [illegible] Head, Hurried or Difficult Breathing, Fluttering at the Heart, Choking or Suffocating Sensations when in a lying posture, Dimness of Vision, Dots or Webs before the sight, Fever and Dull Pains in the Head, Deficiency of Perspiration, Yellowness of the Skin and Eyes, Pain in the Side, Chest, Limbs and Sudden Flushes of Heat, Burning in the Flesh.

A few doses of RADWAY'S PILLS will free the system of all the above-named disorders.

Price 25 CENTS per box. Sold by all druggists.

RADWAY & Co., 32 Warren St., N. Y. City.

TO THE PUBLIC.

Be Sure and ask for RADWAY'S and see that the name "RADWAY" is on what you buy.

Book of Advice mailed on application.

Our Young Folks.

FROM THE POND.

BY A. E. PENN.

MINA was going home from school to her dinner. It was only about a ten minutes' walk by the fields, and she always went that way in dry weather. As she was crossing the first field she heard a splash, as of a stone thrown into the little pond where the cows went to drink, in the second field. The next instant a little boy jumped over the stile and came towards her. He was walking quickly and had a guilty air, as if he had done something of which he was ashamed.

Mina looked at him hard when he said as he passed her, in a defiant tone—

"Well! I was giv' threepence to do it!" He did not explain what it was that he had been given threepence to do, but hurried on, while the little girl turned round and stared after him, wondering what he meant.

As there was nothing to be learned from his back, she soon went on her way. After she had climbed the stile, she turned her head in the direction of the pond, not exactly expecting to see anything, but thinking of the splash she had heard.

"Oh!" she cried out, dropping her school books among the grass and cowslips, and rushing to the edge of the water; for there, swimming for its life, was a little tabby kitten.

By some means—she scarcely remembered how when it was over—she helped the poor little animal to land. Her feet were wet through and the hem of her dress was dripping when she sat down in the long grass, drying the kitten in her pinafore, and murmuring pitying words to it.

"That dreadful boy!" she exclaimed, as she walked on homeward, with the kitten rolled up snugly in her pinafore, her books once more under her arm, and her wet frock flapping against her legs. "If ever I meet him again, I'll tell what I think of him!"

Mina's dinner-hour was always a nice time, for her mother shared the meal with her, and told her what had passed during the morning, while Mina, in return, related how things had gone at school. On this day, though, Mrs. Verley found her little girl unusually silent. She only answered "Yes" or "No" when spoken to, and for some time made not a single remark. At last, when her mother was going to ask her if she felt ill, she stammered out—

"Mamma, will you let me have a kitten?"

As she spoke a deep blush overspread her face, for she had asked the same question more than once before, and the answer had always been "No," for Mrs. Verley did not like cats about the house.

"No, dear; I would rather not. You have your rabbits. Be content with them."

"Oh, please do, mamma: just one? I'll never ask you to let me have any more pets."

Mrs. Verley shook her head and looked so unrelenting, that the tears came into Mina's eyes.

"Oh, I wish you would alter your mind, mamma," she sighed out, her fingers fondling the kitten, which was on her lap all the time.

There was perfect silence for a minute after this. The silence was broken by a plaintive little "Meaou" from under the table. The color rushed into Mina's cheeks, and her eyes sought her mother's with a pleading expression. She saw Mrs. Verley start and look astonished, and then, to the little girl's great grief, the severe air gave place to a smile.

"Bring it here, and let me look at it," she said; and Mina sprang up and laid it in her mother's hands, her face aglow with pleasure, for she felt that the day was won. She told her little story, and Mrs. Verley's objections were at the end.

So it happened that the next morning Mina rose early, and was down some time before breakfast—an event that had not happened for many a day. At half-past seven she was sitting in the big wicker easy chair by the fire, with Venus, as she had named her new pet, gambolling on the rug at her feet. There was a fire, for though the spring was far advanced, the mornings were cold.

Nothing had ever seemed more delightful to Mina than the playfulness of this kitten, and as she sat in the chair, she thoroughly enjoyed and laughed at the pranks played by the little creature. But a sad event was in store. As Mina trailed her pocket-handkerchief along the hearth-rug, leaning farther and farther over the arm of the chair, she suddenly overbalanced herself; and falling across the fender, her head struck violently against the poker.

She lay quite still where she had fallen, her yellow curls all mingled with the ashes in the hearth. The kitten frisked here and there a little longer, and then finding no handkerchief drawn along for its amusement, curled itself up in a fold of Mina's frock and went to sleep.

"What a smell of singed hair!" said Mrs. Verley, as she came down the stairs, at about eight o'clock. "A cinder must have flown out on to the rug."

She stopped at the breakfast-room door, but just then noticed that the hall blind was drawn up awry, and went to put it straight.

Then, murmuring something about Elizabeth's carelessness, she returned to the breakfast-room, slowly opened the door, and went in. The table was between her and the fire, and at first she thought the room was empty; but the smell of burning was strong.

Mrs. Verley walked round to examine the rug, and a cry of consternation broke from her; for there lay Mina, her head on the red tiles, her face of a grayish-white, while a hot cinder was smouldering among her curls.

When Mina came to herself, she was lying on the sofa, her mother bathing her temples, and both the servants looking on.

"How do you feel, dear?" asked her mother anxiously. Mina lifted her hand to her forehead, where she felt a great swelling almost as big as an egg. Then she felt the back of her neck, where a chilly sensation told her that something was changed. All her golden curls were gone. For a minute she looked aghast, and then her face cleared.

"I 'an all right, mamma dear," she said, trying to smile. "Where is Venus?"

"Ah!" said Elizabeth, "it's all along of that kitten. If you'd left it to drown, as it was meant, there wouldn't have been all this trouble!"

At this moment the kitten scrambled up the sofa leg on to Mina's lap. Mina stroked and fondled it with an indignant look at Elizabeth.

"I would consent to have my head shaved, and a bump on every corner of it, with pleasure, to save the poor little thing's life, and let it enjoy itself and be happy," she said. "The hair will grow again and the bumps will go down, but if poor Venus had been drowned, nothing could have brought her back to life."

Elizabeth muttered something about there being too many cats in the world already, collected the towels, basin, and sponge, and carried them out, her fellow-servant following.

Then Mrs. Verley sat down by Mina, and drew the aching head on to her shoulders while she inquired how the accident had happened.

Though Venus lived happily with Mina till her old age, nobody ever knew the true reason that she and Elizabeth were never friends. This was that the kitten had first been presented to Elizabeth by a friend, and that Mina found out that it was she who had given the little boy threepence to "put it out of the way."

A CHAT WITH A DOG TRAINER.

"Have you the influenza, Mab?" and by way of reply Mab sneezed.

"Is it very bad, then?" and she sneezed twice.

"Is it very, very bad?" and she sneezed with such vigor as if she were meaning never to stop.

Mab was a little Scotch terrier of fourteen years of age, and the other party to the foregoing conversation was Mab's owner, a dog trainer. Poor Mab had just recovered from an illness. An abscess had formed in her jaw, and the only way she could be cured was by having her teeth extracted. Her master believed that the abscess had been brought on by the muzzle that the law had compelled him to put on her whenever he took her out for an airing.

Be this as it may, this little old, toothless quadruped was full of tricks, which it performed with evident enjoyment. It knew French as well as English, and would steal "mother's sugar," or run away from the policeman with equal alacrity whichever of these two languages it was told to do so in. It could even speak, and in reply to the question, "Who's your father?" opened its mouth wide and distinctly said "Alf."

This recalled to the trainer's mind the story of an American dog that accompanied its owner into a restaurant on one occasion. "What will you have, sir?" inquired the waiter on the customer laying down the bill of fare after examining it. "I'll have a fried sole," was the reply. "And so will I!" chimed in the little dog, which was seated on the next chair. This extraordinary occurrence startled everybody, of course. "Will you take anything else, sir?" asked the waiter as he cleared away the remains of the sole. "Bring me some boiled mutton and caper sauce."

"And me, too!" again chimed in the dog. By this time, everybody was talking about this remarkable dog, and an Englishman who was present was eager to buy it, and offered as much as $5,000.

While the bargaining was going on, the dog, in pleading tones, implored its master not to sell it. At last the bargain was completed, and as the stranger was taking this wonderful animal away, it looked back at its old master and said, "I'll have my revenge for this, and will never speak again." It is safe to say that the dog never did speak again, for the man who got $5,000 for it was a ventriloquist!

There was no ventriloquism in the case of Mab when she said "Alf"—a word more or less in sound resembling a dog's yelp, and that any dog might be taught to imitate.

Another trick of Mab's is to go and crouch up in a corner at the sound of the word "station." The idea of this is to be out of sight from railway ticket collectors, so that she may have the opportunity of traveling free. Whenever, too, she is going on a journey, on arrival at the station, she gets into a corner, and waits for her master to put her into the bag, where she remains as quiet as possible until the train starts.

As to how dogs are taught all these tricks, the trainer told us that it was simply a matter of patience and quiet firmness.

For instance, in teaching Mab to sneeze in reply to the question, "Have you got the influenza?" he used to have her on his knees, keep on asking her if she had the influenza, and sneezed himself every time he asked the question.

At last, during the third lesson, Mab sneezed; then he told her she was a good dog, gave her a bit of sugar, and showed that he approved of her conduct. Mab then knew that she had done what was wanted of her. Dogs under training should never be patted or fondled except when they have done what they are wanted to do; neither should they be scolded except when they have done something they ought not to do.

They should not be scolded for not doing what you are teaching them to do, for, as you are only teaching them, they do not yet know what is expected from them.

Then, after all, the tricks performed by dogs are wonderful because they are performed by dogs.

A POSTMASTER in Iowa recently sent the following pathetic resignation to the Postmaster General: "I have had the honor and pleasure to receive the mail from Keokuk by means of horseback, afoot, my own wagon, and finally from the railroad train, from the days of Lincoln to Harrison. I have distributed the same to Irish, German, English, Scotch, Swedes, Norwegians and Danes and Dutch, creditably, I believe, to the Government, and satisfactorily to the Republicans, Democrats, Grangers, Greenbackers, Prohibitionists, and, lastly, to Alliancers, or I would have long since lost my head. Good-bye, Uncle Sam, for I must now leave your service."

WHY HE KNEW.—Some time before 1870, a gentleman, in the midst of a squabble at a place of public entertainment in Vienna, exclaimed, "Nonsense! the Emperor is an ass."

He was forthwith taken into custody, and when brought before the magistrate the latter addressed him as follows—

"The witnesses have clearly proved that you called the Emperor an ass. Have you anything to say in your defence?"

Prisoner: "Certainly. I meant the Emperor Napoleon."

Magistrate: "That is an idle subterfuge. Everybody knows that Napoleon is an intelligent man. I know you meant his Majesty the Emperor of Austria."

WITH A DIFFERENCE.—She was one of the precocious little people who are continually embarrassing their elders.

"I am glad to see you go to church regularly," said the pastor one Sunday; "can you remember the text?"

"Oh, yes."

"What was mine to day?"

"Oh," she replied with confidence, "I said I can remember them, but I never try to."

THE WORLD'S HAPPENINGS.

Thunderbolt is the name of a new postoffice in Georgia.

A Chillicothe, Missouri, man has been fined $1 for beating a woman.

C. O. D. are the initials of an Atchison [illegible].

A combined knife and fork for one-[illegible] men is being manufactured.

Nowhawannock and Pennamaquon are the names of two towns in Maine.

Three and a half millions of people are always afloat on the seas of the world.

Boston had more newspapers forty years ago than she has at the present time.

The total number of murders committed last year, it is estimated, were 6,790.

Seventy and 18 were the respective ages of a recently married Montezuma, Georgia, couple.

A San Francisco woman claims to owe 30 cats, each having a pedigree of many [illegible] generations.

A New York city shoemaker displays a sign which reads as follows: Squeaks taken out of shoes.

Dr. Robert Hiles and wife, of Laporte, Indiana, have been reunited after a separation of 36 years.

Texas boasts that it has 57 counties, each of which is larger than the entire State of Rhode Island.

At dinners and banquets in Queen Elizabeth's time each guest brought his own individual spoon.

Mrs. Samuel Lutz, of Worcester, this State, claims that she has a three-winged goose on her farm.

It is alleged that in the Ukraine, in Russia, women do all the courting, and propose to the man they desire to marry.

Mrs. J. A. Cross, of Canton, Georgia, has a pair of scissors which have been in constant use, she claims, for over a century.

Among the recent inventions, it is [illegible] mechanical [illegible] letters.

A South Carolina colored man recently applied for a pension on the ground that he was swindled when the Freedmen's Savings Bank failed.

Emperor William's singular Christmas present to the little Queen of Holland was a box of toy soldiers representing all the regiments of the Prussian army.

The Consul of the Argentine Republic at Bangor, Maine, was called upon recently for the first time in 20 years, says a New York paper, to affix his seal and signature to a document.

A boy named Markell, who lives near Bay City, Michigan, stumbled over a dog several weeks ago, it is reported, and broke his leg. Last week he fell over a cat and broke that member again.

Rabbits are becoming a serious nuisance in some parts of Kansas. Barber county pays a bounty of 5 cents each for rabbit scalps, and about 5000 scalps have been paid for there since last October.

A Colon, Michigan, woman recently kicked at a cat, missed the target, fell over backward, bumped her head and sprained her arm so severely that she will have to nurse it for several months to come.

A hackman of Bath, Me., has an appetite for glass, china and crockery ware. He started in mildly, and ate eggs without the removal of the shells. He has eaten a dozen eggs and egg shells thus at one sitting.

The latest form of the autograph craze in Vienna requires the guests at a dinner to write their names in pencil upon the table-cloth. The original writing is worked over in colored silk and kept as a memento.

The Philadelphia and Reading Railroad Company have just effected a lease from the Iron Steamboat Company of Pier No. 1 on the North River, New York. This will give the Company additional facilities in New York harbor for the handling of its traffic.

Theatres in Spain have no programmes. A bill in the lobby sometimes gives the cast, but most of the actors remain unknown by name. The curtain, as elsewhere in Europe, is devoted to advertisements, and in Madrid theatre advertising cards are affixed with the numbers on the back of each seat.

A Monroe, Michigan, young man bought a pair of overalls the other day, and in the pocket of them found a note from the young woman who made them, asking him to write to her. He did so, and was much surprised to receive a reply saying "that she was sorry he had no finer blood than to wear such a poor quality of trousers."

"The Post" has subscribers on its books who have been reading it for nearly sixty years continuously, but in point of age—though not subscription—few of our friends can well be older than Ilram Sedgwick, of Waterford, Erie county, Pa., who writes as follows, under date of January 14th, 1881: "Thirty years or more ago I commenced to take your valuable Journal, and now at the age of nearly 90 years I am reading it yet, because I consider it the best."

SING TO ME.

BY W. W. LORD.

Sing to me, sweet lips, of perfect love,
Sing to me of the border lands
Between the daylight and the dark,
Where youth and manhood stands.

For I am weary of the world's rough ways,
Its heartaches, weariness and fret;
Sing to me of love's cloudless morn,
And I will lie here and forget.

ODDITIES OF MATRIMONY.

"There is no end," says a well-informed and experienced writer, "to the matrimonial extravaganzas that are continually being perpetrated;" and a little observation will suffice to show that he is not far wrong in what he says. What oddly assorted couples we meet every day—a six-foot wife and an abnormally short-statured husband, or vice versa; an old Adonis of seventy mated to a little girl-wife young enough to be his granddaughter, a "giddy young thing" of sixty joined in holy wedlock to a youth scarcely out of his teens; and many more equally incongruous, which, taken altogether, make one come to the opinion of the writer quoted, that "there is no kind of disparity, physical, intellectual, or moral, which, if an obstacle to union at all, has not been overcome."

It is a rather curious—and certainly an unusual—thing for a man to end by marrying the mother of the girl upon whom he had at first set his eye—or, to adopt a phrase of Thackeray's, had thrown the handkerchief. And yet this thing is not unknown; indeed many of us can doubtless call to mind particular instances.

Here is one, illustrative of the profound truth, that widows possess a twenty-five-year-old spinster power of blandishment. He was a blacksmith, 18 years of age, and just out of his time, and she was the female parent of his sweetheart. He called at her house one evening, and finding that the lady he wanted was out, sat down to await her return; and to kill time and to be politic, he began to make himself agreeable to the mother.

They talked matters over and by-and-by got confidential; and then the old woman asked her visitor what was the use of his marrying a penniless girl with few attractions, when a wife with a little hard cash would suit him much better.

The youth—who does not seem to have been consumed of love of the fair damsel—took kindly to the suggestion, and replied that he would be eternally obliged to any kind friend who should put him in the way of obtaining such a prize.

"Nothing easier in the world," said the mother, promptly. "I have £300: marry me!"

When the young lady came home, she found her admirer and her treacherous parent on the most affectionate terms, at which she was glad; but the feeling turned to something far different when the youth was in a few days brought home in a new character—in that of stepfather, his beautiful and blushing bride being, according to the narrator of the story, no less than 84 years of age.

Perhaps, of all the eccentricities of marriage, none, for sheer oddity, can approach those from which the man has been excluded. Recently we heard something of a notorious case of this kind which occurred on the Continent; and in 1872 another case came to light in Edinburgh. The police laid their hands on a young woman who was "wanted" from information supplied by an Irish girl whom the masquerading female in question had married while employed as a laborer in the neighborhood of Kirknewton. The couple lived happily for a time; but quarreling over some domestic matter, the wife resolved to part company, and to inform the police of what manner of husband she had married.

In an old Gentleman's Magazine there is a story of two women who lived together for over thirty-six years as man and wife, the "husband" during that long period owning a public house, and assuming the character of a plain, plodding, ale-house keeper.

Some marrying folk have exhibited their eccentricity in the means by which and the places in which they tie the noose. Matrimony by electricity is one of many novelties in America, and dates only from the year 1882, when a wedding of this kind was celebrated at the cantonment in the Red Lands, Dakota.

The clergyman officiated by telegraph, at a place called Bismarck, many miles away; the bride and bridegroom responded to the electric marriage ceremony at one end of the wire in the presence of witnesses, and several other witnesses were present to see the clergyman perform his duties at the other. Questions and answers were written, telegraphed, and responded to, and the blessing was pronounced in the usual form, and wired with perfect accuracy.

This method was imitated in the majority of the States, and the idea in one instance suggested a still wilder notion to an eccentric couple. This was that they should be married on the summit of a high mountain called Pike's Peak.

The bridal party set out on horseback at sunrise on the eventful morn, but before they had gone far, the clergyman who had been asked to officiate was pitched into a ditch by the lively animal he was bestriding, and declined to proceed further. It then occurred to the bridegroom that the reverend doctor should go to the nearest city, Colorado Springs, and from the United States Telegraph Office, which was connected with the signal station on the Peak, perform the ceremony by telegraph. This he consented to do, and the party continued their journey.

The summit was reached at noon, and it was found that the sergeant in charge had entered into the spirit of the thing (of which he had received intimation in advance), and had filled his instrument room with bright flowers in anticipation of the unusual visit. The young people joined hands and stood before the sergeant, the father and mother of the bride standing on each side; and the sergeant at the instrument read off the questions of the clergyman as they were delivered. The vital response, "I do," was pronounced by each and transmitted, and after a moment's pause there came up the message making two hearts one, "Then I pronounce you man and wife."

Grains of Gold.

Wait not for difficulties to cease; the glory lies in overcoming them.

True happiness consists in the preservation of a firm and equal mind.

There are three things difficult: to keep a secret, to suffer an injury, to use leisure.

In matters of conscience first thoughts are best. In matters of prudence, last thoughts are best.

We understand the infinite a hundred times better by the heart than by the intelligence.

Whenever the preacher takes a square aim at sin every hypocrite in the church begins to dodge.

The wise carry their knowledge as they do their watches—not for display, but for their own use.

Some people are always bewailing their misfortunes, but never make an effort to overcome them.

Not to do honor to old age is to demolish in the morning the house wherein we are to sleep at night.

Be calm and quiet in your life. You are not necessarily serviceable to others when you are troublesome to yourself.

Cultivate courtesy and good breeding in the family circle. It is foolish to expect that a child who is rude at home will be polite away from home.

There are people who are afraid to give their hearts altogether to the Lord, for fear they will never again be allowed to have anything they want.

Femininities.

A Russian comes of age when he is 21 years old.

Wichita, Kansas, has a woman life insurance agent.

A "good-quality" wife is quoted at ten thousand cocoanuts in the Solomon Islands.

The hair of Nancy Garrison, colored, of Holly Springs, Miss., is said to measure 8 feet in length.

The latest expensive craze among fashionable women and girls is to have their photographs taken in very large sizes.

The shortest love letters on record are said to be the following: "Dear Clara, ——? Tom." "Dear Tom, I will. Clara."

According to French divorce statistics the most unhappy period of matrimony is between the fifth and tenth year after the honeymoon.

Judge: "If I got as intoxicated as you do I'd shoot myself." Prisoner: "If you was tossicated as I am you couldn't hitter barn door."

Young bachelor: "I see Mrs. John Sherwood says Englishmen are the most indulgent husbands in the world." Married man: "Humph! We have to be."

Day, about to wed: "I suppose it is proper to let one's wife have her own way in everything?" Weeks: "Don't go bothering your head; she will attend to that."

In advocating woman's suffrage one of its supporters states that there are 30,000 women landowners in England and Wales, and that 20,000 of these are engaged in farming on their own account.

One of the mysteries of the day will be solved when somebody discovers why woman—neat, cleanly, lovable woman—will persist in walking the streets with a dress trail that she has to carry the entire round trip.

Dr. Richardson, an English physician, who has investigated the matter, states that the men who are employed in the Paris sewers are as healthy as the average person, and no other 500 men in that city are so free from zymotic diseases.

It would appear that, in the circles in which she is known, the lady trimmer is equally popular. She comes and trims the flowers and plants of those who are able to keep such things, but are not willing or competent to do the trimming themselves.

An officer in the regular army laughed at a timid woman because she was alarmed at the noise of a cannon when a salute was fired. He subsequently married the timid woman, and six months afterwards he took off his boots in the hall when he came in late at nights.

"John," said Mrs. John, "you ought to punish Willie. He put a suspender button in the missionary box instead of his nickel this morning." "Willie!" roared John, "the next time I hear of your wasting suspender buttons that way I'll whip you! Understand?"

Two cows, the property of Hill Costellow, of Windsor, North Carolina, were found dead recently with the neck of one fast between the horns of the other. It is supposed that they were fighting and, being caught in the above position, broke one another's neck.

Ten girls in a composition class in a Cincinnati school were instructed by their teacher to write a telegram such as would be suitable to send home in case of a railway accident while traveling. One of the girls wrote: "Dear papa: Mamma is killed. I am in the refreshment room."

A Chestnut street florist tells of a fashionable woman who, every week or two, has an extravagant bunch of flowers sent to herself, and directs the florist to write on one of his business cards: "Gentleman left no name." Then she goes home and revels in the delight of receiving an anonymous gift.

It is a serious matter in Armenia should a maiden attain her 17th year with no prospect of marriage, for so surely as the festival of St. Sargius comes round she is obliged to fast three days and then eat salted fish, without the right to quench her thirst unless some kind swain be found who will promise to take her and be her master.

Catherine Tudor, at the funeral of her first husband (John Salusbury), was led to church by Sir Richard Clough, and from church by Morris Wynn, of Gwedir, who whispered to her his wish of being her second. She refused him civilly, and informed him that she had accepted the proposals of Sir Richard Clough, on her way to church, but assured him that if she buried Sir Richard he might depend on being her third; which really came to pass.

Miss Emma Van Norden, the oldest daughter of Warner Van Norden, the millionaire president of the Bank of North America in New York, and well known in society, has joined the Salvation Army, and is a full-fledged uniformed private soldier, with the cordial approval of both her father and mother. She only wears her uniform when she attends the Salvationists' meetings. She sings and taps a tambourine as do the other "hallelujah lassies."

Masculinities.

When a man is not liked, whatever he does is amiss.

Two Indians who live in Atchison, Kansas, wear ping hats, and one of them has a moustache.

One of the hardest times to love an enemy is when he seems to be prospering like a green bay tree.

"Did you say you had a calling acquaintance with her, Dick?" "Yes; she's in a telephone office."

Jonathan McClure has been setting type for the Madison, Ind., Courier since 1837. He is now 74 years old.

Brown: "My memory is getting worse every day." Jones: "I can give you a sure cure." "What is it?" "Lend me $50."

She: "I'll never marry a man whose fortune hasn't at least five ciphers in it." He, exultingly: "Oh, darling, mine's all ciphers."

Mrs. Chaloner, of Newmarket, is the only woman professional horse trainer in the world. She is regularly licensed by the Jockey club.

"Why did your hired girl leave you?" "She didn't like the extra work." "What extra work did she have to do?" "Collecting her wages."

Mrs. B. Nutting, of Parkman, Me., who is 77 years old, made 1200 pounds of butter in 1872, and did all the housework for a family of five.

"Hello, Vanderloin, some of your people coming on this train?" "Yes; I'm expecting a sister of mine." "Sister, eh! By birth or refusal?"

Some day the little boy who is now making a sliding track will be a grown man and fall down on the sliding track some other little boy is making.

The latest definition of the familiar phrase "Love's labor lost," is a second husband going for a gay old time with his wife's first husband's insurance money.

A person imitated a locomotive whistle so naturally on the station platform at Warrensburg, Mo., several days ago, that a student kissed his girl good-bye.

Mrs. Dr. Haviland, Dr. Eva Harding, and Mrs. Dr. Howe, of Atchison, Kansas, are said to be the only family in the United States whose women members are all doctors.

Mr. Honeymoon: "Did you sew that button on that coat, darling?" Mrs. Honeymoon: "No, sweetheart. I couldn't find the button, but I sewed up the buttonhole. Is that all right?"

John T. Rich, the newly installed Governor of Michigan, is a self-made man. His schooling was only that of the average farmer's boy, and he is himself a practical farmer to-day.

When a woman clinches her teeth, shuts up her fists and remarks, in a concentrated voice, "I wish I was that man's wife for about five minutes," it is mighty lucky for that man that she isn't.

A San Francisco paper raises the alarm that California is suffering a "girl famine." In every large town in that State, with the exception of Alameda, there is a lamentable paucity of the gentler sex.

First passenger, rising politely: "Will you take my seat, sir?" Second passenger, who has been standing and tramping rather promiscuously about: "Are you going to get out?" "No, but I prefer standing on my own feet."

Grand Duke Nicholas Constantinivitch, the Czar's cousin, who was exiled to Central Asia 20 years ago, has an unenviable reputation. It is said that he beats his wife, and that he is heartlessly cruel to any person who has ever done him an injury.

He: "I think it is an outrage that the ladies wear high hats at the theatre." She: "Yes, I must admit you men are much more considerate." "Of course we are." "Some of you who get into the front row are even so considerate as to leave your hair at home."

A number of accomplished New York women are earning good salaries in that city for coaching society women in the topics of the day, the new books that are being talked of, new works of art that are attracting attention, and interesting matters in other lines.

Jacob Bunce, of Harford county, Md., has died and left 27 orphans. He had been married three times. His first marriage was without issue. By his second wife he had 19 children, including two sets of twins and one of triplets. By his third wife Mr. Bunce had eight children.

Some one having asked Mr. Gladstone the secret of his remarkable activity, he replied with a story: "There was once a road leading out of London on which more horses died than any other, and inquiry revealed the fact that it was perfectly level. Consequently the animals in traveling over it used only one set of muscles.

"I have left all my fortune to my wife," said the philosophic spouse of a Xantippe, "on condition that she shall marry again." "What is that for?" asked his legal adviser. "I wish to be sure that there will be some one to regret my death when I am gone," said the husband.

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PALM SUNDAY IN WALES.—Probably to a great number of English people, says a correspondent to a contemporary, the pretty Welsh custom of "flowering the graves" on Palm Sunday, which, by the way, falls on the 26th of March this year; is entirely unknown; what the origin of this beautiful custom is we know not.

On the Friday and Saturday before Palm Sunday the churchyard presents a busy scene, women washing and scrubbing the tombs and headstones, men trimming the grass and shrubs.

When Easter is late and flowers consequently numerous, the whole churchyard seems as we enter on Palm Sunday to be one mass of blossom and color, and on looking closer we find some really beautiful designs, such as "No cross, no crown," the letters "No" being made in moss; and a cross and crown which had been cut out in cardboard, and then covered with primroses.

Another which caught my eye was a tomb consisting of a greystone cross standing on seven or eight steps; each step was covered with moss, and in the moss was placed first a root of maidenhair spleenwart, then a bunch of violets, then a bunch of maidenhair spleenwart, then a bunch of primroses, and so on around each step: the cross being wreathed with some of the same flowers and ferns. The effect was prettier than can be imagined from my description.

Of course this custom has its ludicrous side. For instance, I remember seeing in a country churchyard, a child's grave "dressed" for Palm Sunday, the effect of which was certainly more amusing than pleasing. The small grave had copingstones around it which had been carefully white-washed, and the grave itself covered with green leaves, while stuck in here and there were bunches of berries that had evidently been dipped into the blue-bag; but even this becomes more pathetic than ludicrous when we remember it was done by the loving hand of a sorrowing mother.

It is not unusual in Wales at this time of the year for people to travel twenty and thirty miles to flower the graves of their friends and relations.

To drive a cough from the system use Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup. It never fails.

ENGLISH ALE.—The English people, says a recent writer, have always been great ale-drinkers. Burton-on-Trent is today probably the largest brewing district in the world. It is there that Bass, Allsopp and many other famous brewers are established.

It is said that the water of the Trent is superior to all others. This may be true, but there are other ales that some judges consider preferable to either of the great names I have mentioned. The City of London is dotted all over with breweries, while in the suburban districts very large concerns exist.

The beer consumed is immense. Even in the seventeenth century there were 1,522,781 barrels of beer brewed in the City of London alone, each barrel containing 33 or 34 gallons.

This amount has doubled, and I do not know but quadrupled, since then. It is beer, beer, or ale, ale, at every corner, at nearly every table, and when a man or woman has not sufficient money for bread, in some mysterious way they put their hands deep down in their pockets and manage to find enough for a pint of beer and a pennyworth of gin.

Recently there has sprung up quite a discussion as to the origin of beer. Professor Schwackhofer, of Vienna, has been lecturing on the subject of beer, and he regards Egypt as the birthplace of this beverage, which was known as 'liquid bread,' and hints that the 'leaven' of the Bible or 'manna,' might have been in this form.

He goes on to say that from the Egyptians the art of brewing descended to the Ethiopians. He says the Romans despised beer. Herodotus speaks of the brewing of the 'barley wine.' Pliny and Dioscorides refer to the brewing of beer from barley in France, Spain and Pomerania.

There are other writers and speakers on this subject who declare that no race or nation can claim a distinct priority in the production of beer, but in every country where barley was raised brewing was known.

The old Saxon for barley was 'bere' or 'bear.' History states that ale gradually took the place of mead and metheglin, just as in the countries of the vine it was itself naturally superseded by the juice of the grape. Before hops were employed the ground ivy—'ale hoofs,' as it was called—was used for clearing and preserving ale.

FAITHFULNESS OF A DOG.—A short time ago a dog, well-known to the railway officials from his frequent traveling with his master, presented himself at one of the stations on the Fleetwood, Preston, and Longridge line. After looking round amongst the passengers and in the carriages, just as the train was about to start, he leaped into one of the compartments of a carriage, and laid himself under the seat.

Arriving at Longridge he made another survey of the passenger, and after waiting until the station had been cleared he went into the Railway Station Hotel, searched all the places on the ground-floor, then went and made a tour of inspection over the adjoining grounds; but being apparently unsuccessful, trotted back to the train, and took his position just as it moved off.

On reaching the station from which he had first started he again looked round as before, and took his departure.

It seems that he now proceeded to the general railway station at Preston, and after repeating the looking-round performance, placed himself under one of the seats in a train which he had singled out of the many that are constantly popping in and out, and in due time arrived at Liverpool.

He now visited a few places where he had before been with his master, of whom, as it afterwards appeared, he was in search.

Of his adventures in Liverpool little is known; but he remained over night and visited Preston again early the next morning. Still not finding his missing master, he for the fourth time "took the train," this time however to Lancaster and Carlisle, at which latter place the sagacity and faithfulness of the animal, as well as the perseverance and tact he displayed in prosecuting his search, were rewarded by his master. Their joy at meeting was mutual.

IT has been estimated that machinery is performing 90 per cent. of the manufacturing labor of this country, and that the remaining 10 per cent. is performed by men, women and children. One cotton spinning machine can do as much work to-day as 100 operators could do two generations ago. A single little shop with improved machinery can now turn out more shoes than could formerly 30,000 shoemakers who did hand work. One planing machine can do the work of fifty men with hand tools.

IMPORTANCE OF MARRIAGE.—Don't rush into matrimony, girls. Remain single until you are well in the twenties, when body and mind are alike well developed.

You cannot over-estimate the importance of a thorough knowledge of the man whom you design to marry. Uprightness, fixedness of principle, and unselfish and generous disposition, with good business abilities, should be regarded as indispensable.

If a young man is a good son and brother, he will make a kind husband, provided you do your part. Do not be won by trifles. A handsome face, a fine figure, a noble bearing, may be desired, but they constitute but a small part of what you really need.

Neither is it wise to aspire far above your present station in life, as this would give rise to solicitude lest you fail to adapt yourself to your changed circumstances.

Marriage should not be entered upon without a knowledge of its physiological laws, else much domestic misery may be expected. Neither should it be sought for worldly gain, or position.

Never as a wife, neglect those graces and charms which won your lover. Never consider it too much trouble to dress tastefully, and in your best, for your husband's eyes.

Give him freely of those graceful and pleasant surprises which will make him happy, if you expect a continuance of those lover-like attentions from him.

Hide all the disagreeables in person, toilet, and home, and keep the best for love. Such a course would be likely to make a good man of a bad one, if anything would.

He has taken you "for better, for worse;" but do not allow yourself to appear, like the wife of poor Lo, "all worse and no better."

A FAMILY OF DWARFS.—W. F. Darnell, aged 64 years, of Rome, N. Y., is said to stand but 4 feet 4 inches in height and weighs 98 pounds. One of his sons, who is 30 years of age, weighs, it is said, but 44 pounds, and is, it is claimed, 37 inches high; while his other son, who is 24 years old, weighs 98 pounds and stands 47 inches in height.

It is not necessary to call a doctor for a cut or bruise; get Salvation Oil. Only 25 cts.

Recent Book Issues.

FRESH PERIODICALS.

"The American Magazine of Art" for February is a perfect gem of beauty. Everybody interested in the subject will find this publication a storehouse of information. Cassell & Co., publishers, New York.

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"The Quiver" in its current number gives a large amount of the best class of Sunday reading, lit up by numerous and elegant illustrations. Published at New York.

WHALING.—Whaling is a glorious sport, superior to your fox hunting, to bobbing for gudgeons, or chasing rats with a terrier. The ideas suggested to a landsman by the description of an attack on a whale, are those of extreme peril to all engaged in it, a peril from which the chances against their escaping alive is about ten to one. A few hardy fellows pull up to a creature that looks like a small island on the surface of the sea, and one sweep of whose tail or flukes is sufficient to knock their frail bark into splinters; they dash their harpoons into the large flank, and submit to be towed through the waves by the maddened monster at a rate that makes the water boil around their bows. Such is the power of the fish, that if he came in contact with a ship during his headlong course his weight and impetus would stave in her sides. Sometimes he runs straight forward; at others in circles, with irregular rapidity, still the boat sticks to him, until the smart of his hurt subsiding, or through fatigue, he slackens his speed, enabling his enemies to approach him with fresh wounds. At last, when the waters are reddened with his blood then comes the death flurry—stern all! The boat stands clears and the fish disappears in a cloud of spray that he dashes up in his dying agonies. His flukes quiver, he plunges heavily and all is over.

L. G. W.

AN ASTONISHED BARBER.—An American tells a remarkable tale of a family in Maine, consisting of six brothers, who look so much alike that only their most intimate acquaintances can tell them apart.

One day, while visiting in a strange town, each brother wanted a shave. One of them went into a barber's shop, had his beard removed, and paid the customary fee.

Five minutes later apparently the same man rushed into the shop with a three days' growth of beard on his face, declared that he had not been half shaved, and demanded that the work should be done over again.

The astonished barber apologized and shaved the man again; but in less than ten minutes apparently the same man came back, angrier than ever, and with his beard still bristling. The barber, after a little opposition, went through the process a third time.

When the fourth brother came however, the barber lost patience, and cried, "See here—if you're trying to sell me some patent hair-raiser, I'll take your whole stock; but, if you are an escaped museum freak, either you'll have to get out or I'll close this shop!" The remaining brothers patronized another shop.

An old dog cannot alter his way of barking.

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I have frequently, during a number of years, used the "Dollard's Herbanium Extract," and I do not know of any which equals it as a pleasant, refreshing and healthful cleanser of the hair.
Very respectfully,
LEONARD MYERS,
Ex-Member of Congress, 8th District.

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TO PLAY MUSIC WITHOUT STUDY!
THIS CAN BE DONE BY MEANS OF THE
INSTANTANEOUS GUIDE TO THE PIANO OR ORGAN

Anyone knowing a tune, either "in the head," as it is called, or able to hum, whistle or sing, can play it WITHOUT ANY PREVIOUS KNOWLEDGE OF MUSIC OR THE INSTRUMENTS. In fact it may be the first time they have ever seen a piano or organ, yet if they know so much as to whistle or hum a tune—say "Way Down on the Swanee River," for instance—they can play it IMMEDIATELY correctly and with good effect, on the piano or organ, with the assistance of this GUIDE. THE GUIDE shows how the tunes are to be played with both hands and to different keys. Thus the player has the full effect of the bass and treble clefs, together with the power of making correct and harmonious chords in accompaniments. It must be plainly understood that the Guide will not make an accomplished musician without study. It will do nothing of the kind. What it can do, do well and WITHOUT FAIL is to enable anyone understanding the nature of a tune or air in music to play such tunes or airs, without ever having opened a music book, and without previously needing to know the difference between A or G, half-note or a quarter-note, a sharp or a flat. The Guide is placed on the instrument, and the player, without reference to anything but what he is shown by it to do, can in a few moments play the piece accurately and without the least trouble. Although it does not and never can supplant regular books of study, it will be of incalculable assistance to the player by "ear" and all others who are their own instructors. By giving the student the power to play IMMEDIATELY twelve tunes of different character—this number of pieces being sent with each Guide—the ear grows accustomed to the sounds, and the fingers used to the position and touch of the keys. So, after a very little practice with the Guide, it will be easy to pick out, almost with the skill and rapidity of the trained player, any air or tune that may be heard or known.

Its cheapness and usefulness would make it a very good present to give a person, whether young or old, at Christmas. Almost every home in the land has a piano, organ or melodeon, whereon seldom more than one of the family can play. With this Guide in the house everybody can make more or less good use of their instruments.

The Guide will be sent to any address, all postage paid, on receipt of FIFTY CENTS. Postage stamps, 2's, taken. For Ten Cents extra a music book containing the words and music for 100 popular songs, will be sent with The Guide. Address—

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Humorous.

"LAUGH AND GROW FAT!"

Ay, laugh and grow fat!
Full often a chat
  Proves more potent than potion;
Laughter acts on the heart,
Gives the blood a fresh start
  And a vigorous motion.

Yes, laugh and grow fat!
"Care," you know, "killed the cat"—
  It will you if you let it;
There's no surer relief
For many a grief
  Than to laugh and forget it.

Yes, laugh and grow fat!
Though some skeptic hereat
  May scoff, wholesome laughter
Doth body and soul,
Mind and morals, control;
  They are all better after.

Then laugh and grow fat!
Don't be prim and "a' that;"
  Why should features be lengthened?
Just smile till you're heard
And I pledge you my word
  You'll be gladdened and strengthened.

—U. S. KING.

A Surfeit.

Miss Snowball: "Does yer want me ter interduce you to Miss Ashcar, de belle ob de ball?"

Sam Johnson: "No, thank you, Miss Snowball. Since I has heerd de bawl of de belle I has no use for de balls of de ball."

In bad odor—the sewer pipe.

A drinking vessel—the schooner.

No idle tail—the cow's in fly time.

A trial trip—from the jail to the court.

Straining every nerve—pulling a tooth.

Vested interest—money in the waistcoat pocket.

Really a helping hand—one with money in it.

Chicanery—palming off an old hen as a young chicken.

The man "who couldn't stand it any longer," has taken a seat, and now feels quite comfortable.

Among the curiosities in a late Dublin paper are, "Lines on the death of an unborn infant."

An Irishman tells of a fight in which there was but one whole nose left in the crowd, "and that belonged to the tay-kettle."

There are some people who assert that they have seen a horse draw, a lump of coal smoke, a pail run, a bun dance and a wheelwrite.

"How about the rent of this house of yours, Jones? Doesn't the landlord ask a good deal for it?" Jones: "Yes; he often asks five and six times a month for it."

Mollie was telling an absurd dream when her mistress broke in with, "You must have been asleep when you dreamt such stuff as that!" "No, indeed, ma'am," she replied tartly, "I was just as wide awake as I am this minute."

In what vehicle did the man ride who was "driven frantic?" When a man revolves much in his mind, does it make him dizzy? If all things are for the best, where do the rations for the second best come from? What is the exact width of a broad grin?

"What do you expect to live on?" asked an old gentleman of a young man who sought his daughter's hand. "Live on!" exclaimed the young man,—"why, on you, of course!" He thought such engaging frankness would please the old man, but it didn't.

"Mamma," said little Willie, "I cannot tell a lie, I took that pie to feed a poor, little starving boy."

"My darling child!" said his mother, "and did the poor little fellow eat it?"

"No'm. You see, I couldn't find any starving boy to give it to, so I had to eat it myself."

LATEST FASHION PHASES.

Whether it is because we are all tired of heavy gowns or I do not know, but I am sure that the lovely new spring fabrics are pleasant to look at, and their lightness and crisp daintiness seem doubly attractive. The best houses are now displaying the new spring and even summer wash fabrics, and the prettiest among them are the delicate chambrays in the soft and suave tints that always look cool and airy in warm weather, and do so much to help one bear the heat.

The prettiest chambrays are in a pale, misty blue, a mauve that has a frost of white over it, lilac, pink and a delicate French gray. On the bottom of the skirt is laid and sewn a flat width of point de gene or some other similar lace, and above this an inserting of the same. The hem extends below the bottom just enough to show the scalloped outline.

The corsage has either a yoke of lace or a Figaro or Eton jacket. With some of these delicate chambrays will go a thick braided cord which will go around the waist and hang down on the right side, and a pretty fancy pocket is to be fastened to it to hold trifles such as girls and women think indispensable. These hanging pockets are to be seen with nearly every new gown, no matter for what it is to be worn. They look well enough if the wearer moves in a slow manner, but very badly if the wearer is quick and brusque in her movements, as they fly around in the most unpleasant manner.

To return to the lovely summer goods. There seem to be two distinct classes, one highly colored and the other in tints. There are exquisite organdies with plaided lines made of coarse threads, and between them are beautiful flower designs in natural colors. There are silk and wool organdies, some in white ground, some in colors and others in black, with quaint old fashioned designs, among them palm leaves in Parisian colorings, and those queer arabesques and trailing patterns that start from nowhere and go to the same place. These organdies will be made with a little lace and a great deal of ribbon. Some of them have stripes, black and white being oftenest seen. Black and gray, or brown of a golden shade, is also a pretty pattern.

There are a number of stripes in the soft ginghams, some of them being lace stripes and others so woven that each stripe has a suspicion of the next one in certain lights. The checked and plaid ginghams, both the hard and zephyr, are markedly beautiful in coloring and pleasant to the touch.

Some of the new plaid ginghams have the wrap of sea island cotton and the woof of fine silk, which makes it the daintiest and most elegant possible fabric. I doubt if cotton and silk have ever been woven together before in dress goods, though I

NEW SPRING STREET GARMENTS.

know some stockings are what is called "silk plated," and this makes a fabric that will wash like any gingham, while it is glossier and more elegant than the finest cotton alone. A little silk, like a little leaven, leaveneth the whole.

A very handsome dress for an elderly lady for summer or warm spring days is made of the striped gingham in slate gray and moss green, with a pinked plaiting around the bottom and bands of Persian ribbon on the waist. The sleeves are of the gingham, which is very flexible and soft. The front of the corsage is of moss green silk. This, however, could be dispensed with if the gown was to be laundered.

Odds and Ends.

ON A VARIETY OF SUBJECTS.

White Soup.—1 fowl, 1 lb veal, 1 onion, a little celery, 1 carrot, seasoning, 3 quarts water, 1 quart milk, 1 gill of cream, 2 blades of mace, 4 oz lean ham, 1 tin preserved green peas, a little roux. Cut the fowl and veal into pieces, place them in a stewpan with the vegetables cut in slices, add some seasoning, the mace, and water; let boil, take off the scum, and simmer 4 hours; strain it, add the milk, cream, and roux; boil till of the consistency of cream, and strain through a hair sieve. Place the peas (previously made hot) in the tureen, add the ham cut in dice, pour the soup over, and serve.

Stewed Eels.—1½ lb eels, 1 onion, 1 carrot, a handful of parsley, 1½ pint of stock, 3 eggs, lemon, seasoning. Cut the eels in 2½ inches long, put them in a stewpan with a handful of chopped parsley, the carrot and onion cut in small dice, add the stock and seasoning, and boil gently for 20 minutes; pour the gravy from the eels into a basin, beat up the eggs, add the juice of a lemon, pour into a stewpan, and stir with a whisk till thick enough, then pour over the eels, and serve on a hot dish, garnished with croutons of fried bread.

Boiled Chickens.—2 chickens, 1 pint milk, 1 onion, 1 carrot, a piece of celery, a blade of mace, seasoning, a little roux, 1 gill of cream. Put in the stewpan ½ onion, ½ carrot, celery, a pinch of sugar, the same of salt, then lay in the chickens, prick them over the breast with a needle, cover with boiling water, and boil steadily for 35 minutes. Put the milk, a piece of onion, carrot, celery, mace, and seasoning into a stewpan, add a little roux, and boil for 20 minutes, strain through a hair sieve, add the cream, and bring to the boil; put the fowls on a very hot dish, remove the skewers, pour a little sauce over them, garnish with parsley and slices of lemon. Serve the remainder of the sauce in a tureen.

Roast Loin of Mutton.—Cut and trim off all superfluous fat, and see that the butcher joints the meat properly. Have ready a nice clear fire, put down the meat, dredge with flour, and baste well till it is done. A loin of mutton, weighing 5 lb, will take 1½ hour to cook.

Stewed Celery.—4 heads of celery, 1 blade of mace, ½ pint cream, to a half gallon water allow 1 heaped tablespoonful of salt; wash the celery thoroughly, trim it and boil it from 20 to 25 minutes till tender; put the cream and mace in a stewpan, shake it over the fire till the cream thickens; dish the celery, pour over the cream, and serve.

Potato Balls.—1½ lb potatoes, salt, ½ gill of milk, 2 oz butter, 2 eggs, boiling lard; boil the potatoes till done, then mash them with the milk, butter, and yolk of 1 egg; form them into small balls, dip in beaten egg, and fry a golden color in boiling lard. The potatoes will be much nicer if a tablespoonful of cream is used instead of the milk.

Pine Soufflé.—1 pint milk, 4 oz butter, 5 oz flour, 5 oz white sugar, 5 eggs, and a small tin of preserved pineapple; put the milk and butter in a stewpan, let it boil, then stir in the flour and mix into a smooth compact paste; let the paste get nearly cold, crush the pineapple with the sugar in a mortar, then stir in the paste, add the yolks of the eggs, mix well with a wooden spoon; whisk the whites to a snow, and stir lightly in the paste mixture; turn into a well buttered soufflé basin, place a band of paper round it, and bake in a good oven for 1 hour; when required for table, take off the paper band, put a folded serviette round, and serve at once.

Omelets.—Here is something about omelets that will be useful. The first thing to do in making omelets is to get the proper sort of pan. Always beat the yolks and whites together, and to every egg add a tablespoonful of hot water after they have been beaten. Have the pan on the stove with the butter melted and hot, but not browned. Then pour the eggs in and stir continually with a fork or knife so as to cook the whole as nearly as possible at the same time. It must be done quickly and without taking from the fire. When done fold by running the knife under the part of the omelet nearest the handle of the pan and turn that part over the other part so as to nearly double it. Then take an oval dish in your other hand and place it on the edge of the pan and flop the omelet into the dish so that it doubles up and looks nightly. This is a plain omelet. All others are made by adding the ingredients after the eggs are turned into the pan.

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Reading Railroad.

Anthracite Coal Used Exclusively, Insuring Cleanliness and Comfort.

In Effect December 4, 1892.

DEPOT, NINTH AND GREEN STREETS.

Williamsport Fast Day Line—8.35 a m week-days.
Buffalo Day Express—9.00 a m daily.
Easton Flyer—2.55 p m week-days.
New England Night Express—6.45 p m, 150th and Chestnut sts., 6.20 p m daily.
Buffalo Night Line—8.25 p m daily.
Western Night Express—8.30 p m daily.
Williamsport Night Express—11.30 p m daily.
FOR BOSTON, via Poughkeepsie Bridge. New England Night Express (Pullman Buffet Sleeping Car) leaves Twenty-fourth and Chestnut streets at 6.20 p m, and Ninth and Green streets at 6.45 p m every day.
BUFFALO, ROCHESTER, NIAGARA FALLS and CHICAGO, 9.00 a m, 8.25 and 9.30 p m daily. The 9.00 a m train has parlor cars to Buffalo, and the 9.30 p m train sleeping cars to Buffalo Niagara Falls and Toronto.
FOR BETHLEHEM, EASTON AND POINTS IN LEHIGH AND WYOMING VALLEYS, 6.10, 8.00, 9.00 a m, 12.00 noon, 2.00, 3.55, 4.30, 5.30, 6.45, 8.25, 9.30 p m, and Bethlehem only 10.30 p m, Sundays, 8.30, 9.00, 9.30 a m, 6.45 and 8.25, 9.30 p m, and Bethlehem only 8.30 p m.

FOR SCHUYLKILL VALLEY POINTS

8.35 a m Express for Reading, Pottsville, Allentown, Harrisburg, Gettysburg, Carlisle, Shippensburg, Williamsport and Colebrookdale Branch.
9.10 a m for Reading and way points.
11.02 a m for Pottstown and Barto.
1.35 p m for Reading, Pottsville, Harrisburg and Branch Roads.
4.35 p m for Reading and Branch Roads.
11.30 p m daily. Sleeping car line for Pottsville, Shamokin, Williamsport. Connects for Lock Haven and Clearfield, except train leaving Philadelphia Saturday night.
SUNDAYS—9.05 a m Express, Reading, Pottsville, Harrisburg, Shamokin and Williamsport.
11.45 a m for Pottstown and Barto.
3.40 p m—for Pottsville, Harrisburg, Byers, Barto and Allentown.
11.30 p m—Sleeping Car Line, Pottsville, Shamokin, Williamsport and Beech Creek Railroad.

FOR NEW YORK.

ROYAL BLUE LINE,

Leave Twenty-fourth and Chestnut Streets.

2.55, 6.25, 9.20, 11.15 a m, 12.57 (dining car), 3.35, 6.20, 8.35 (dining cars, p m. Sundays, 3.55, 9.40, 11.15 a m, 12.57 (dining car), 3.35, 6.20, 8.15 (dining car) p m.

Leave Ninth and Green Streets.

7.30 (Pilot or two-hour fast line), 8.30, 9.30 a m, 1.30, 4.05, 5.15, 8.45 p m, 12.01 night. Sundays, 8.30, 10.00 a m, 5.15 p m, 12.01 night. And for Trenton, week-days, in addition to above, 2.20, 3.55, 5.45, 8.25, 11.15 p m. Sundays, 9.15 a m, 5.30, 10.15 p m. Bound Brook, week-days, 4.22 p m.

Close connections for New York are made at Wayne Junction with trains from Twenty-fourth and Chestnut streets by local trains leaving Ninth and Green at 11.45 a m, 12.45, 3.15, 6.15, 8.02 p m. Sundays, 10.50 a m, 12.45, 3.15, 6.10, 8.00 p m.

Leave New York, foot of Liberty street, 4.00, 7.45, 9.00, 10.00, 11.30 a m, 1.30, 2.15, 3.30, 4.00, 5.00, 6.00 7.30, 8.45 p m, 12.15 night. Sundays, 8.30, 9.00, 10.30, 11.30 a m, 1.30, 3.30, 5.00, 6.00 p m, 12.15 night.

Parlor cars on all day express trains and sleeping cars on night trains to and from New York.

DEPOT THIRTEENTH AND CALLOWHILL STREETS.

4.10 a m for Reading, Barto, Harrisburg, Pottsville, Allentown, Shamokin and Williamsport.
7.40 a m for Reading, Pottsville, Chester Valley, Pickering Valley and Perkiomen Roads.
9.0 a m for Reading, Harrisburg, Gettysburg, Carlisle, Shippensburg, Lancaster, Pottsville, Shamokin, Williamsport, Danville and Williamsport.
12.45 p m for Pottstown, Barto and Reading.
3.40 p m for Reading, Pottsville, Harrisburg, Chester Valley, Pickering Valley, Colebrookdale and Perkiomen Roads.
4 p m for Reading, Pottsville, Allentown, Harrisburg, Shamokin and Williamsport.
5.20 for Reading and Pottsville.
6 p m for Harrisburg, Pottsville, Shamokin, Bloomsburg, Danville and Milton.
7.35 p m for Reading and Harrisburg.
SUNDAYS—4 a m for Reading, Pottsville, Shamokin, Harrisburg.
8.30 a m for Reading, Pottsville, Harrisburg and Allentown.
8.15 a m for Reading and Downingtown.
5.30 p m for Reading, Pottsville and Chester Valley Railroad.
7.15 p m for Reading and Harrisburg.

FOR ATLANTIC CITY.

Leave Chestnut Street and South Street Wharves, Week-days—Express 9.00 a m, 2.00, 4.00, 5.00 p m. Accommodation, 8.00 a m, 5.45 p m. Sunday—Express, 9.00 a m. Accommodation, 8.00 a m, 4.30 p m.

Returning, leave Atlantic City, week-days—Express, 7.00, 7.45, 9.00 a m, 4.00 p m. Accommodation, 8.30 a m, 4.30 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00 p m. Accommodation, 7.30 a m, 4.30 p m.

Parlor cars on all express trains.

Brigantine week days, 8.00 am, 5.45 p m. Returning, 7.25 a m, 3.25 p m.

Williamstown, Glassboro and Mullica Hill, 8.30, 11.00 a m, 4.30, 5.45 p m. Sundays, 8.00 a m, 4.30 p m. Clementon, 8.00 8.30 a.30, 11.00 a m, 2.00, 4.30, 5.45, 6.30, 7.30, 11.30 p m. Sundays, 8 a m, 4.30 p m. Blackwood and Gresham, 8.30, 9.15, 11.30 a m, 2.30, 4.45, 6.30 p m, and 11.30 p m on Thursdays and Saturdays only. Sundays, 8.30, 8.30 a m, 4.45, 6.30 p m.

For Lakewood, Vineland, Bridgeton, points on Maurice River Railroad, 8.30 a m, 4.00 p m.

Detailed time tables at ticket offices, northeast corner Broad and Chestnut, 833 Chestnut street, 60 South Third street, and 24 south Fortieth street, West Philadelphia, and at the depots.

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Removes Tan, Pimples, Freckles, Moth Patches, Rash, and Skin diseases, and every blemish on beauty, and defies detection. It has stood the test of 40 years, and is so harmless we taste it to be sure it is properly made. Accept no counterfeit of similar name. Dr. L. A. Sayer said to a lady of the haut-ton (a patient): "As you ladies will use them, I recommend 'Gouraud's Cream' as the least harmful of all the Skin preparations." For sale by all Druggists and Fancy-Goods Dealers in the U. S., Canadas, and Europe. FERD. T. HOPKINS, Prop'r, 37 Great Jones St., N. Y.

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